

name, such as "Disraely," "Disrealy," "Disrarly," and "Disrally." These variants have this in common, that they seem to be the result of the praise-worthy Cockney desire to economise time; but in some parts of the west of Scotland, where *speech* has to be economised, if the day is to be filled in, they used to call "Dizzy" "Disrayelleye," dwelling for several seconds on each syllable. The most curious transformation the name ever underwent was in Perthshire, where an "Auld Licht" elder—there are a few "Auld Lichts" left still, in other places than Thrums—used to talk of "Benjamin Drysdale." No expostulation had any effect. "I call him Drysdale because his name's Drysdale. An' it's a guid Scotch name tae, mair's the peety."

THE desire of the age, it is said, is for fiction that can be carried in the pocket. It is not a desire that remains unsatisfied. Scotland provides the charming volumes of MR. DAVID DOUGLAS, his latest offering being MISS MARY WILKINS's delightful stories. France comes with its beautiful "Petite Bibliothèque-Charpentier," a collection comprising works which can be placed in the pockets of all, "mêeentre les poches des jeunes filles"; and England produces shilling and sixpenny volumes by the thousand—nay, for threepence you can now carry in your vest-pocket, and read in accidental leisure, DICKENS'S "Haunted Man"; or if you are more seriously inclined, CARLYLE'S "Heroes and Hero-Worship," or HELPS'S "Friends in Council," three new additions to "Cassell's National Library."

No woman could write a sweeter verse than this, the dedicatory stanza of DOLLY RADFORD'S "Light Load" (ELKIN MATHEWS):—

"The love within my heart for thee,
Before the world was had its birth;
It is the part God gives to me
Of the great wisdom of the earth."

Two other volumes of verse are published this week—"Pictures in Rhyme" (LONGMANS), by A. C. KENNEDY, illustrated by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, and "Sonnets and other Poems" (SCOTT), by ISABELLA J. SOUTHERN.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "One of Our Conquerors" (CHAPMAN), MAXWELL GRAY'S "In the Heart of the Storm" (KEGAN PAUL), and "An Old Maid's Love" (BENTLEY), a Dutch tale by MAARTEN MAARTENS, are the three-volume novels of the week. MESSRS. WARD, LOCK, & Co. issue in one volume a revised and enlarged edition of MR. OSCAR WILDE'S "Picture of Dorian Gray." Besides the popular edition, there is an *édition de luxe* of this work, foolscap quarto, printed on VAN GELDER hand-made paper. MESSRS. A. D. INNES & Co., formerly WALTER SMITH & INNES, have published in a very pretty uniform binding three one-volume stories—"Pen," by the author of "The Cat"; "Dagmar," by HELEN SHIPTON; and "A Houseful of Girls," by SARAH TYTLER.

MR. BRADLAUGH, we learn from the preface to "Labour and Law" (FORDER), was busily engaged on that work when he was seized with his fatal illness, and it was among the subjects which oftenest occupied his mind till he became unconscious. In addition to the chapters he left, he had contemplated three on "Eight Hours in Mines," "Friendly Societies," and "Emigration and Immigration." For these have been substituted three papers on "Labour Disputes," "Socialism in Europe," and "A Starved Government Department." The last paper, as readers will surmise, is on the Board of Trade.

SIXTY miles from any collection of books worthy to be named a library, with no neighbours, clerical

or otherwise, who could offer intellectual sympathy, the REV. J. C. ATKINSON made friends with the birds and the beasts in the hardly awake hours of the morning as well as in the stiller shades of evening, with the scenery, with the atmospheric changes—with all the objects that he saw in his daily walks of duty or relaxation. The volume, "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish" (MACMILLAN), into which he has gathered his observations and speculations, is likely to be warmly welcomed.

It is said that many of the dailies, and some of the weeklies, keep in type obituary notices of the older among the eminent men of the day. MR. JOSEPH JACOBS, while he has nothing to say against those who prepare these antedated obituaries, cannot himself anticipate the Great Destroyer. His *éloges* on GEORGE ELIOT, MATTHEW ARNOLD, BROWNING, and NEWMAN (NUTT) were in every case written within the two or three days that elapsed between the death of their subjects and their appearance in the ensuing issue of the *Athenæum*, and yet they are more than mere *tours de force*.

FROM MESSRS. PERCIVAL & Co. we have MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S "Essays on French Novelists," a companion volume to his "Essays in English Literature;" and "A Short History of Greek Philosophy," by DR. MARSHALL, of the Royal High School, Edinburgh.

WE have only two biographies to note this week, CANON SCOTT-HOLLAND'S "Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt" (MURRAY), and "Cardinal Beaton: Priest and Politician" (BLACKWOOD), by JOHN HERKLESS, the minister of Tannadice.

THE *Publishers' Circular* quotes from the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine* of 1773 an interesting decision in the Scottish Courts regarding copyright. There were thirteen judges on the bench, and, with one exception, they gave their opinion against perpetual property in books, claimed by publishers in the name of authors. BOSWELL was one of the counsel on the winning side. It was in the autumn of 1773 that JOHNSON made his tour in the Hebrides.

THERE are some very curious specimens of the provincial journalese of last century in the report of this case in the *Dumfries Magazine*. For example: "They even claimed the property in anonymous authors, and in particular obtained an injunction against printing the 'Whole Duty of Man,' the sex of which author was even to this day unknown."

ON the last Sunday of April, MR. T. P. O'CONNOR'S new paper, *The Sunday Sun*, will make its *début*. According to report, its orbit is to be eccentric, like the *Star's*.

THE May number of the *Century* contains the first part of MR. FRANK STOCKTON'S new story, "The Squirrel Inn," with illustrations by MR. A. B. FROST; and the first of two descriptive articles entitled "At the Court of the Czar," by MR. DALLAS.

THAT capital little story of Nihilism, "Made-moiselle Ixe," by LANOE FALCONER, the first volume of the Pseudonym Series, has, we believe, reached its tenth thousand. MR. FISHER UNWIN has a new volume of short stories for the same series by the same author, which may be looked for at an early date. The next Pseudonym volume will be "Amaryllis," by ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ ΔΡΟΙΝΗΣ; said to be a translation from the modern Greek by a clever writer in Athens.

By the way, LANOE FALCONER has sent a cheque for £10 to the editor of *Free Russia* for the funds of the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom. In an interesting note accompanying the gift, the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" says that the cheque was the first she received for her book, which was itself in part the outcome of "deep sympathy with the oppressed in Russia."

A NARROW-GAUGE railway is to be constructed from Lauterbrunnen to Visp, passing by a tunnel nearly three miles long under the Lauterbrunnen-Breithorn into the Lötsch-thal, and so down to the Rhone Valley and Visp. The gauge will probably be one metre, and the gradients will occasionally require the cog-wheel arrangement with which visitors to the Rigi are familiar. The line, which will be about thirty-five miles long, will mostly pass through a district little visited by tourists, and cannot do much harm to the scenery except indirectly, as it is estimated that 20,000 passengers each way annually will be required in order to pay a fair dividend on its capital of fifteen million francs. A railway of less abnormal kind *via* Frutigen (on the way from Thun to Kandersteg), which will require a much longer tunnel, is also under consideration.

A LITERARY prophet has arisen across the Atlantic. MR. MAYO W. HAZELTINE predicts the deposition of the young unmarried girl from her place as the central figure in English fiction, and the instalment in her stead, as in France, of *la femme de trente ans*. The new novel will take life as it is, more particularly the life of people in society. The Americans are asking who in their country is to write the new novel? The men who could write it are not "in society," and those who see most of society cannot write. MR. HAZELTINE's answer is prompt: "The women themselves must do the work—have, in fact, begun to do it." What change is about to take place in the American social order? There the young girl is the central figure in life. All men adore her; her father and brothers labour for her, and her lover submits without a murmur to all her caprices. When she marries she sinks into insignificance. How will the new novel be able to take American life as it is if the married woman is to be its central figure? Has MR. HAZELTINE a social revolution up his sleeve?

THE Americans are having a great laugh at their own expense. For forty years the citizens of Massachusetts—legislators, historians, and the general public alike—have basked in the smile of a marble bust which they believed to be that of the HON. SAMUEL ADAMS. It now turns out that the bust is an effigy of WASHINGTON, and not eccentric in any way, but similar in features to two well-known busts of the first President. A commission of inquiry has solemnly recommended "that the name of SAMUEL ADAMS be removed from the pedestal, and the name of WASHINGTON be inscribed in its place."

THE editor of the *Critic* received recently from a remote Western correspondent, whose initials are E. E. B., the following letter:—"DEAR EDITOR,—A number of your paper has fallen into my hands, and I have taken the liberty (*sic*) to send you an item of news. MRS. —, of this city, has just been elected to 'The Incorporated Society of Authors' of London, England. You remember LORD TENNYSON is pre., and WALTER BESANT sec. She is a contributor to nearly all leading magazines in the United States and England—is only twenty years of age. . . . She has travelled extensively abroad, and is accounted the brightest woman correspondent of her age (20) in the United States. She has a novel in the hands of LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia. She

is tall and slender as a reed, deep purple eyes, and golden hair, and her face bears the double beauty of intelligence far above the common order, coupled with perfect features and teeth of a most delicate purity. All Colorado is heralding her success. Will you kindly send me a copy of the paper containing her notice." No comment could add to the effect of this.

APRIL has, we find, been fertile in great men. The EARL OF STRAFFORD, after CROMWELL the most notable Englishman of his time; HARVEY, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; the philosophers HOBBS, REID, and HUME; WORDSWORTH, the most original of English poets; and FIELDING, our first great novelist, were all born in April, besides many men not so distinguished, such as FORD the dramatist, STILLINGFLEET, the EARL OF HALIFAX, HAZLITT, CANNING, GALT, and G. H. LEWES.

THIS, the 25th of April, is St. Mark's Eve. In the North of England it is still believed that, if a person watch from seven o'clock on St. Mark's Eve till one in the morning, he will see the apparitions of all those who are to be buried in the churchyard during the ensuing year. KEATS began a poem with this superstition for *motif*, but it is not in his best manner. A much more important association for Englishmen with the 25th of April is the fact that it was OLIVER CROMWELL's birthday. SHAKESPEARE was born in April, too. The greatest English ruler and the greatest English writer both saw the light in the month of VENUS. We wonder what modern astrology thinks of the matter?

MADAME TZEBRIKOVA is reported to be in exile in a town in northern Russia, and kept under the strictest surveillance. "None of the letters which have been addressed to her have been received." She is suffering from cancer, they say; but has been refused permission to go to St. Petersburg or Moscow for an operation. Her life is considered to be in danger, and "her position is most grievous in every respect." It seems not improbable that she will be the next martyr to the cause of Russian freedom.

APROPOS, the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom, which finds no lack of moral support in England, speaks of "one great disappointment." Subscriptions are backward. Up to the present time, says MR. R. S. WATSON in the current number of *Free Russia*, "the actual number of subscribers of half-a-sovereign and upwards from twelve good meetings out of London is four." On the other hand, the Society itself is steadily ramifying. The lectures of VOLKHOVSKY and others in various parts of England have had one practical result in the formation of branch societies, which are diffusing a wide interest in the work, and increasing the power of usefulness of the parent Society.

POOR MR. ANON.

YESTERDAY my friend Mr. Anon produced a play, and this morning I got all the daily papers to see what they said of it. They agreed that it was about the worst thing ever put on the London stage, and, though I was sorry for poor Anon, I felt that I should like to see how he took his castigation. So I put the papers in my pocket, and set off to call on him. I found the poor wretch smoking a cigar which was constantly going out.

"Seen the papers?" I asked pleasantly.

"You are the sixth man who has brought them to me since I breakfasted," he answered. "You are all giving yourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble."

"No trouble at all," I assured him; and then there was a pause.

"Well?" I said.

Poor Anon tried to light his cigar again. It was difficult to know what consolation to give him, but I did my best.

"I think it very plucky of you," I said, "to take it so calmly. I am sure if I had been slated in that way I should never have been able to hold up my head again. Let me light your cigar for you, Anon; your hand seems a little shaky this morning."

"The piece is slated with a vengeance, is it not?" he said, with a hoarse laugh.

"I cannot remember any play's getting such a slating," I had to answer. "You saw what the *Daily News* said about pathos and bathos. Severe certainly, but uncommonly clever. Finlayson and I were much amused at the *Daily Telegraph* on your ideas of comedy; indeed, I think Finlayson is putting the cutting into his scrap-book. How did you feel after you read the *Standard*? After all, the *Standard* really let you off more lightly than the *Morning Post*. If you did not see the *Post*, I have it with me."

"I have seen them all," poor Anon replied, spilling a boxful of vestas. Just then we heard a boy shouting the evening papers.

"I'll go out and bring them in," I said.

"Don't trouble yourself," he answered. I insisted that it was no trouble, and ran out for the papers. I gave him two of them, and read aloud tit-bits from the others.

"Well, what does the *Pall Mall* say?" I asked, as I saw him crumple up the paper.

"It says," he answered, looking out at the window, "that my comedy is almost endurable as a relief to my ridiculous 'serious interest.'"

"Rather neat that. But the *Pall Mall* notices are always pointed. I say, you will find the *Pall Mall* criticism almost endurable after this in the *Evening News*. Is the *Globe* as severe?"

"It says I had no right to invite the critics to such a polyglot."

"That is the *St. James's* view too. But look here, Anon, the *St. James's* says the acting was at least tolerable. Ah, and the *Star* critic says he saw a worse piece in the year '82."

"Well," said Anon, "I know the worst now."

"I question that," I said, clapping him on the back. "We have not seen the weekly papers yet, and they are sure to be down on you for those historical inaccuracies. You saw that in the *Sportsman* about turning history upside down? Finlayson thought it very cutting."

Poor Anon tried to swagger, but he was pale in the face, and I felt sorry for him, though I always knew he could not write a play.

"I cannot remember another case," I said, "nor can Finlayson, in which the Ibsenite critics and the Anti-Ibsenites were so entirely at one. I should not wonder, Anon, though your play has done some good after all."

"In what way?"

"Well, it shows the Ibsenites and Anti-Ibsenites that they do have points in common. People were beginning to think that the one set of critics praised everything conventional, and the other set everything unconventional, but all are agreed as to your piece. I believe you have cleared the air."

"I am glad my play has proved of service if only in that way," Anon answered, but with a bitterness that I thought foolish. I was doing everything I could to cheer him, but he did not even say "Thank you."

"And I am not at all sure, old fellow," I continued, after casting about for some soothing remark, "that this wholesale condemnation is not better for you than half-hearted praise. Had any good been found in the play some manager might have put it into his evening bill, and it would have been distressing to you to see him losing money on it. Then you might have been tempted to go on writing plays, and so

have wasted your time, as well as put your friends in an awkward position. Really you should be thankful that the critics are so unanimous."

"Do you agree with their verdict?" he asked me bluntly, and I did not know what to say, or where to look. A man should not ask such questions of persons who wish him well but are nevertheless truthful.

"I did not think the *Times* had any right to treat you as a malefactor," I said awkwardly; "for, after all, it is not a criminal offence to write a bad play."

"You thought it very bad?"

"I came away, you know, at the end of the second act."

"And you saw nothing good in either of these first acts?"

"Well, I thought the way the door in Act II. swung back and forwards was funny."

"Old fellow," said Anon, seizing my hand suddenly, "I wish I was married."

"Why?"

"Because my wife would insist it was a splendid piece, and say that the criticism was spite."

"But would you really believe her?"

"No; but it would be pleasant to hear her say it."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RURAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

SIR,—The article on the "Enfranchisement of the Village" in your issue of the 18th of April calls attention to the most urgent of English political questions.

In addition to government of the people by the people for the people we want government *near* the people. Everything that can be done should be done in the smallest areas of local government.

Those who live in the country live in a bewildering confusion of areas. They live in the township or parish, in the Sanitary Authority, and in the Poor Law Union; in the Highway Board District, and in the Petty Sessional Division; in the County Council Electoral Division, in the Parliamentary Division, and in the county. Not infrequently there are other areas to be added to these. The methods of appointing the various authorities are almost as various as the authorities themselves. The result of all this is that people are doubtful as to what areas they do live in; they do not know the times, places, or methods of the elections, and failing to understand, they neglect to perform the duties that devolve upon them as citizens.

If self-government is to work well, it must be by the active co-operation of the governed. To secure this it is necessary to simplify and consolidate the areas, to reduce the number, and improve the methods of elections.

For convenience, the form of government must be representative. The qualification of electors for all purposes should be uniform. That qualification may be taken as the head of a household. By the head of a household is meant the man who has a home of his own, whether it be one room or a mansion. But one vote only, and that for the place of residence. No householders should be disqualified because of recent removal. Logically, householders who are women should have votes. All voters should be competent to fill offices to which they are competent to elect others. In all cases votes should be given by ballot.

Three elections would suffice: one for the District Council, one for the County Council, and one for Parliament. Too many elections weary the electors, and loss of interest in elections is fatal to the good conduct of representative government.

Intermediary areas—such as Highway Board Districts and Poor Law Unions—are a difficulty in local government reform. But these might be formed by delegates from the District Councils or County Councils, or combinations of delegates from both.

The first question is, What should be the area of the District Council? It should be big enough to have the administration of the sanitary powers now given to urban and rural authorities, and a man should be able to walk from any part to and from the place of meeting. Where possible, it should consist of a single township, or groups of townships, but in case of necessity townships might be divided.

The next question is, What powers should be given to District Councils? They should have the powers of Local Sanitary Authorities; the management of their local roads, and their main roads under the control of the County Council; a share in the care of the poor; that share of popular control necessary over primary education; the control of technical education when the funds are supplied by a rate on their own

area; the management of free libraries; power to compulsorily acquire land for the purpose of making allotments or dwellings for the poor; power to provide or purchase water, gas, or similar undertakings; control of the licences; and lastly, absolute responsibility for keeping the register of the electors.

The County Councils should have full and sole control of the police. They should have a share in the questions relating to the poor, especially in workhouses and asylums. The County Councils should have the supervision of main roads for which they pay, and of secondary and technical education when the funds pass through their hands. The fixing of boundaries inside the county should be in the hands of the County Council. The County Council might be a Court of Appeal for the District Councils within the county, and it might have power to enforce the due execution of sanitary, or educational, or other laws in case of neglect by the District Councils. Highway Boards might be constituted where required by delegates from the District Councils.

Boards of Guardians might be formed by delegates from the District Councils and also from the County Council. To these Boards could be given the management of the asylums as well as the workhouses. The areas of the unions should be in one county only, and the poor-rate should be levied over the whole county. The poor-rate should be strictly administered as regards able-bodied adults; children and the infirm should be treated as far as possible outside the workhouses; and inside the workhouses there should be greater separation of classes.

Regarding the further relief of the poor within the area of each District Council, some such scheme as follows might work:—Each District Council might be the nucleus of a District Provident Society. A competent man might be appointed as administrator; those interested or connected with the poor might be called upon to help; some funds would be obtained from voluntary contributions, and a rate on the district (distinct from the poor-rate for the county) could be levied subject to the approval of the County Council.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Altrincham, April 20th, 1891.

T. W. KILLICK.

FREE EXCHANGE.—THE LAW OF VALUE AND THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

SIR,—I read with much interest your review, in *THE SPEAKER* of the 18th inst., of a recently-published work, on these subjects, by Sir Louis Mallet.

I was especially struck with the author's statement—which I believe to be strictly accurate—that "Unearned Increment belongs to all purchasable things," as a remarkable concession to the claims of the advocates of State or Collective Socialism.

The State Socialists, I think, belong to the school of political economists—of whom I believe Karl Marx to be one—who assert that a transaction of exchange necessarily involves to one, or to some, a loss equivalent to the gain which it confers upon another, or upon others.

If they were to substitute the phrase, "Commercial and trading transactions, as at present conducted and established," for that of "A transaction of exchange," I do not think that the assertion could then be successfully disputed.

The great defect—as it appears to me—in the late Professor Jevons' attempt to explain the connection and relationship between exchangeable and utility values is attributable to the identical cause as that to which the error of ascribing inutility to a transaction of exchange (which presumably consists in each of the two parties thereto giving to the other the less useful in return for the more useful) is due.

This defect I believe to consist in ignoring the fact—which is, I think, susceptible of positive demonstration—that commercial and trading transactions as at present conducted are neither the operations of exchange nor governed by the principles thereof. This, indeed, is a proposition which the affirmation that unearned increment attaches to every purchasable thing would appear to necessarily involve.

By what standard is utility value to be measured and determined? The estimate of the relative utility of things by one who, in order to obtain any of them, has to purchase them at the cost of equivalent utility value, rendered in his own labour, is likely to present a very great contrast to the estimate of another to whom the labour-cost is a matter of perfect indifference.

I am not aware that any of the recognised authorities on Political Economy have as yet given a satisfactory answer to this question.

I certainly hold the opinion that to tax a rental income at a higher rate than an income of respectively equal amount derived, say, for example, from an investment in the National Funds, would be manifestly unfair. And I also believe that such a course, as well as that of the purchase of all the existing tenures of land by the State, would be highly impolitic.

But, on the other hand, I entertain the conviction that the present inadequately restricted rights and privileges that pertain to the holdership of the soil, constitute, in this country, the fundamental source and cause of unearned increment generally.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD W. PERKINS.

Selsley, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, 21st April, 1891.

THE POET AT THE FLORISTS.

I.

THOSE daffodils?—

I used to see them growing

In a lone field, well-sheltered, long ago,
When I was still at school, and proud of knowing
Of that rich spot the others didn't know.
I trudged to get them, came back tired and muddy,
Snipt the stem ends, then stood them on a shelf
In a green vase to glorify my study:
And so got envied till I loved myself.

And I read Herrick, trying to be higher,
More cultured, more in touch with my dear flowers;
I do not think that I was ever nigher
To perfect priggishness than in those hours.
Yet in my failure to do problems faster,
In the house-matches that absorbed my soul,
And in my scorn for one particular master,
I was as others were, upon the whole.

II.

Those daffodils?

And in a garden border

I saw them once, where laughing children played.
One with her long hair in a grand disorder
Stopped at gold blooms, and choice sedately made.
She took two double ones—I like them single—
Yet never flowers were happier or more fair
Than those two daffodils she chose to mingle
With the sweet darkness of her tumbled hair.

The garden's gone now: it's a brace of villas
Whither from city toils their owners ride;
They smoke their fragrant average Manillas
In the verandah and the eventide.
The garden's gone: its daffodils no longer
Die slowly on the childish hair or breast,
Nor roses bloom where threepenny weeds smell stronger;
The child's a woman, and God knows the rest.

III.

Those daffodils—they are fresh-picked, you tell me;
You've not arranged them yet; nor, I suppose,
Need they the wire and skill you tried to sell me
In yonder button-hole, the stained white rose.
Have you no conscience in this bloom-strewn bower,
You ruthless makers of big button-holes?
And—ere you take your wire to stab a flower—
Can't you reflect that even you have souls?

Fourpence the bunch? Ah, yes, we come to fourpence;
We come to commerce and the price of things;
And he shall have more beauty who has more pence;
It's justice only, but the kind that stings.
I write advertisements; my terms for verse are—
What? You don't advertise? Then I decamp.
I take that bunch; the treasures of my purse are
Just that—two pence, two ha'pence, and one stamp.

BARRY PAIN.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, April 24th, 1891.

LET us consider the appearance of the common pen. I have been looking at my own, and confess that it appals me—a mean, malefic weapon, without strength or calibre to strike a man to the heart and kill him outright, but designed rather to scratch and prick and instil poison. I protest that it is the ugliest, basest instrument in the world, and admire the ancients who refused to discriminate in speech between it and the assassin's dagger. Later ages feathered it and diverted attention from what Americans call the "business end" by calling it a pen; but even so it looked like a poisoned arrow. There is a picture of one on the cover of Mr. Buchanan's new book, and across it runs this legend—"The Coming Terror."

It is not a natural weapon for a man who means to speak and show kindness to his fellows. To begin with, it is so abominably tactless. Set me down with my enemy; give me a pipe of tobacco; and it is odds that within half an hour we come to terms, or at least to respect each other. An inflection of the voice, a softening of the lines about the mouth, an honest humanity in the eyes, will smooth out hatred and cleanse the talk of spitefulness. But a man with a pen tries only to be smart; he strikes cruelly and unfairly because he cannot see how his blows fall; and this is the reason, I suppose, why two-thirds of all that is written from day to day is bad in breeding and savage in temper, and why men of letters speak of each other in language which the bargee would reserve for moments of extraordinary irritation.

The bearing of a doctor towards his rival is decorous, urbane, brotherly almost. Two advocates hotly fighting a case will preserve, by easy consent, the dignity of their common profession. The kindly comradeship of actors is well known. Clergymen will take one another's duties. But the "literary man" is a savage while engaged in his work. "The Republic of Letters" is meiosis for rank anarchy; and its members appear to have no regard at all but for themselves and certain dead men.

Curiously enough, it is the older men who exhibit most truculence, and render respect for age so very difficult. Conversely, finding their old age unhonoured they become yet more truculent, assailing new ideas with every kind of misrepresentation. Consider, for example, the recent treatment of Ibsen's plays. Certain young men found something in these plays to admire—not to worship. I suppose there is not a single young man of letters in this country who really prostrates his intellect before Ibsen. The "worship" was first suggested in such phrases as "the Ibsen craze," "Ibsenism," "Ibsenism," all invented by Ibsen's enemies; and only received the faintest colour of probability from the energetic rejoinders that all this detraction called forth. But what, in any case, can be more deplorable than the temper displayed in *Punch*, week by week, and the sneers at Ibsen which it publishes in and out of season? This paper has hitherto appealed to mankind by its humour, and its humour has been of the sanest, kindest sort—the humour of Leech and Keene. But in these attacks on Ibsen there is neither humour, sanity, nor kindness, nor anything, indeed, but bad blood; and those who have admired *Punch* from their youth up, and have laughed over M. du Maurier's perfectly good-humoured ridicule of the defunct "aesthetic movement," can only feel sorry that, under an editor who is also a playwright, *Punch* should contain mere abuse of another playwright. Surely we might easily have been spared these attacks, even if the editor's delicacy of feeling had not forbidden them.

When a paper so catholic in spirit as *Punch* comes to be written for the aged by the aged, it is time to draw attention to the petulance of our older men of letters. There is Mr. Robert Buchanan, for instance. "Frankly," he cries, "I do not know what the Modern Young Man is coming to!" Then why, in the name of reason, does he go on to contend that the Modern Young Man is coming to perdition? "The faith which is life, and the life which is reverence and enthusiasm" have been denied, he asserts, to the youth of this generation. "The sun has gone out above him, and the earth is arid dust beneath him. He has scarcely heard of Bohemia, he is utterly incredulous of Arden, and he is aware with all his eyes, not of Mimi or of Rosalind, but of Sidonie Risler and Emma Bovary," etc. etc.

Now in the first place I would draw attention to the narrowness of Mr. Buchanan's view. The only young man who seems to come within his ken is that one in a thousand or two who writes for his living. As a matter of fact, of course, the modern young man is learning to cure disease, to preach the Scriptures, to sell food and clothing; is building bridges, experimenting with chemicals, exploring and colonising and inventing; is behaving very much as his father did before him. In the mass he is about as incredulous of Arden as his father was, and doesn't know who in the world Emma Bovary may be. But when he *does* follow after literature—a rare case—I fancy, judging from the occasions on which I have met him, that he shares with Mr. Buchanan the honour of admiring *As You Like It*, and possesses the further advantage (denied apparently to Mr. Buchanan) of admiring "Madame Bovary" too. I cannot see, for my part, that to love Shakespeare thoroughly you must loathe Flaubert. And yet, reading Mr. Buchanan's essay with care, I am forced to conclude that he bases his invective on some such assumption as this. This, for instance, is what he says of Mr. Henry James:—"For him and his, great literature has really no existence. He is secretly indifferent about all the gods, dead and living. He takes us into his confidence, welcomes us into his study, and we find that the faces on the walls are those, not of a Pantheon, but of the comic newspaper and the circulating library. . . . These, then, are the glorious discoveries of the young man's omniscience—George Eliot, Alphonse Daudet, Flaubert, Du Maurier, Mr. Punch, and the author of 'Treasure Island.'"

Was there ever a more curious assumption? Because Mr. Henry James has chosen to write a book of essays about certain authors and books, he is "secretly indifferent" about other authors and books. Because he knows Daudet personally—and for this or other reasons feels himself able to tell the world something about Daudet—Dante and Milton have "really no existence" for him!

Now as a young man I should like to ask these vehement elders a question—What do you think to effect by all this? You are for ever talking of the big men of old, of Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens, Thackeray. Do you want us to pretend to be Shakespeares and Thackerays when, as a matter of fact, we are nothing of the kind? Or to pretend to see and think things that Shakespeare and Thackeray saw and thought, when in truth we cannot? We will even grant that the biggest man nowadays may be the man who most nearly approaches those dead masters: still, would it be short of lying for us to dissimulate our probably inferior and certainly different perceptions?

Again, you reprove us for what you are pleased to call the "pseudo-scientific" character of our attempts in fiction and the arts. Well, assuredly it is wrong to be pseudo-anything, pseudo-scientific no less than pseudo-classical. But will you seriously contend that we have no business to be influenced in our work by the additions which this last half-century has made to man's knowledge, or the curiosity which this new knowledge has stimulated? Is it mere wanton folly for an artist to belong to his own age? To take an instance, is a work of art to be condemned out of hand if it show any acquaintance with recent discoveries in the matter of heredity?

Lastly, would it not be better if we used our pens about each other less freely and tried to emulate the decency of other professions? Φ.

REVIEWS.

FREEMAN'S HISTORY OF SICILY.

THE HISTORY OF SICILY, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., Regius Professor of Modern History [in Oxford]. Vol. I., The Native Nations: the Phœnician and Greek Settlements. Vol. II., From the Beginning of Greek Settlement to the Beginning of Athenian Intervention. With Maps. London: Henry Frowde (Clarendon Press). 1891.

IN these two stately volumes Mr. Freeman gives us the first instalment of a full and elaborate history of the great Mediterranean island from the days of the Cyclops Polyphemus, to those of Frederick the Wonder of the World. How full and elaborate it is may be gathered from this—that these two volumes, each of 550 pages, carry the narrative down only to the year 433 B.C., just before the great Athenian expedition against Syracuse. If the history of that expedition, of the rule of Dionysius and the coming of Timoleon, of the fortunes of Sicily during the great strife between Rome and Carthage, of the government of the Province by the Romans (on which the prosecution of Verres throws so much light), of the days of the Vandals and the re-conquest by Belisarius, of the dealings of the Roman Church with its Sicilian tenants in the time of Pope Gregory the Great, of Saracenic and Byzantine and Norman wars from the ninth to the thirteenth century, are all to be handled with equal copiousness, five additional volumes will scarcely contain the mass of matter which is in store for us. No equally comprehensive and continuous account of Sicilian affairs has ever been attempted by any other writer, and this fact would probably be Mr. Freeman's answer were we to remind him that the number of readers of a book tends to vary inversely with the square of its bulk.

Hardly any among the distinguished writers of our time has so strongly marked an individuality as Mr. Freeman. He is *semper sui similis*, like himself and unlike others, even those whom he has influenced. This book has all his characteristics. It is a marvellously thorough piece of work, in which nothing has been left uninvestigated or unsaid which can throw any light upon the matters dealt with. He seems to have visited and noted the physical features of every historic site in the island. He has consulted not only all the ancient authorities, but a great host of modern geographers and archaeologists. He never shirks a difficulty, and never leaves us in doubt as to his own conclusion. His interest in the story he is telling, his sympathy with the actors who pass across the stage, does not flag for a moment. He passes by no moral, whether political or ethical, that can be drawn from an incident. He discusses and dwells on the endless historical analogies Sicilian history presents with the men and events of other times and countries—analogs which we admire for their ingenuity and the learning they reveal, even when they sometimes strike us as over-fanciful. We could wish that he were more compressed and less allusive; but, after all, an eminent man must be allowed to do things in his own way: and when we find so much industry and learning, so much freshness and force, it is best to be thankful for what is given us, and to rejoice that we have historians who, while they possess a practical political sense which the Germans cannot match, are fully the equals of the best German in all the distinctive merits of German scholarship.

Mr. Freeman begins by a chapter on the main features of Sicilian history as conditioned by the local position of Sicily in the Mediterranean between Italy, Greece, and Africa. He then gives a topographical account of the island, very interesting and even in places picturesque. We are a little surprised, however, that he has not called more attention to the geology of Sicily as being the

foundation of its physical characteristics. In his remarks on the volcanic phenomena, for instance, he might have remarked that the old notion of the connection between Etna, the volcanoes of the Lipari group, and the volcanic regions of Campania, has been not only verified but explained by modern science, which conceives of volcanic action as taking place along lines of fissure in the earth's crust. So in the discussion as to the meaning of the name "Æolian Isles," and the localisation of the weather-wise and wind-controlling Æolus of the Odyssey, he might well have noted the fact that the clouds of volcanic smoke and steam which hang round the cones of Stromboli and Vulcano are valuable weather-signs because they are indications of the direction and force of the wind in the middle regions of the atmosphere. Mr. Freeman is so interested in this part of his subject, and grasps so eagerly at analogies to the phenomena of the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne, that we could wish he had visited other volcanic regions— island regions, moreover—whence many illustrations bearing on Sicily may be drawn, such as Iceland, the Canary Islands, Hawaii. After this come chapters on the three races whom the Greeks found already occupying the island of Sicily—the Elymians, Sicans, and Sicels; then another on the Phœnician settlements on the coast; and thereafter that which may be called the historical, as distinguished from the geographical and ethnological part of the book, begins with an account of the founding of the various Greek colonies, Naxos, Syracuse, Leontini, Megara, and the rest. Several appendices discuss sundry dark points with much minuteness of learning; and these complete Volume I. Volume II. contains a consecutive narrative, pieced together from a multitude of scattered sources, of the progress of the Greek cities, and especially of Syracuse, and of the first great struggle between the Greeks and Carthage in the days of Gelon, carrying the story down to the Peloponnesian War, when Sicily was for the first time drawn into what may be called the mid-stream of Hellenic politics.

For detailed criticism of such a book there is no place in a short notice. But the subject itself suggests some reflections, arising out of the Introductory Chapter, in which Mr. Freeman descants on the peculiar position, which (in a somewhat novel use of the word) he calls the "œcumenical" position of Sicily.

The history of Sicily is not the history of a nation, for there never was a Sicilian nation—never even a nation which had half as much title to call itself Sicilian as the Celtic majority of the inhabitants of Ireland now have to call themselves the Irish nation. Neither is it the history of a State, for there never was a Sicilian State—that is to say, an organised power which held Sicily as its sole or even as its chief possession. Several times this seemed on the eve of happening, but it never did happen. The history of Sicily is the history of a certain definite portion of the world's area which has passed from one language to another, from one State-power to another, in a certain sense, even from one race to another, but in such wise that no one language, or State-power, or race, ever prevailed throughout the island without prevailing also over other and usually far wider lands. It is this absence of any national life which gives its special and peculiar interest to the annals of Sicily. And this peculiarity, as Mr. Freeman has forcibly pointed out, is due to the situation of the island, a large, fertile, and therefore tempting, island, in the very centre of the Mediterranean, accessible to all comers, and naturally a prize to be fought for by the races and Powers that held rule to the east and north and south.

The Phœnicians were the first of what may be called the World-Folks of antiquity to seize on favourable points upon its coast, finding the island already peopled by Italic or Iberian races. Then came the Greeks, who spread faster, and more easily brought the natives under the influence of their

civilisation. When Carthage becomes a great Power, she makes repeated efforts to conquer the whole isle and crush the Greeks; and though she is frequently repulsed, the tremendous strife of the Semitic and Hellenic races does not close until Rome overpowers Carthage and adds Sicily to her Italian dominions. Ten centuries and a half later the same phenomenon is again seen. The Semitic masters of Africa, again dominant at sea, capture Sicily, and hold it for more than two hundred years, till, after the short-lived success of a Byzantine warrior, they are finally expelled by chiefs of a race stronger even than the Roman—the children of the Scandinavian North. And in both these cases (though far more strikingly in the later than in the earlier) there is a strife of religions as well as of races—an episode in that great strife between the religions of Europe and Asia which is not yet concluded, though the result has long since ceased to be doubtful.

Mr. Freeman lays due stress on the position of Sicily between the northern and southern coasts of that great inland sea which is the centre of history down till the sixteenth century, when the opening-up of lands beyond the Western Ocean began to affect the currents of commerce, of conquest, and of political thought. He dwells less fully upon the remarkable fact that Sicily divides the eastern from the western basin of the Mediterranean, the former of which is so infinitely more important in ancient history than the latter. Sicily, which lay in the middle of the civilised world, if we regard only Africa, Italy, and Greece, also may be said to have lain on the outer verge of civilisation, because it was not till a comparatively late time that the Western Seas—the Tyrrhenian Sea and that which parts Liguria and Gaul from Roman Africa (the lands which we now call Tunis and Algeria)—became the theatre of great events. In this respect how instructive is the contrast between Sardinia and Sicily! The two isles are of nearly the same size, Sicily being slightly the larger. The former is little inferior in soil and climate, nor less well provided with harbours. But Sardinia has never been of the slightest significance in history—has never even given, like her sister-isle of Corsica, a single great man to the world—has remained in all ages of little more consequence in the Mediterranean than Man in the British seas, or the Azores in the Atlantic.

Even in Italian history Sardinia has done nothing but supply for a time a name to a kingdom the mainland part of which had no name of its own, as Sicily, by a like odd chance, became part of a dominion called the Two Sicilies. How different might the history of the ancient world have been if the Ionians of Asia Minor had carried out the plan, proposed to them by Bias of Priene, of migrating to Sardinia, to escape the impending lordship of the Medes, and of there establishing a group of great Hellenic communities between the coasts, of Tyrrhenians and Ligurians and Iberians and Gauls! Such a group of cities would hardly have become, any more than did the Greek cities of Sicily, a conquering Power like Carthage or Rome; but it might, had it succeeded in resisting the hostility of the Tyrrhenians, have become a most potent factor in the progress of the races of Gaul and Spain, races which obtained their civilisation at a later date and from less capable teachers.

There is much in Mr. Freeman's second volume on which we would gladly dwell. His account of Gelon's rule at Syracuse—and in this part of Sicilian history Gelon is the central figure—is done with great spirit, and opens up several interesting questions regarding the nature of the power exercised by the earlier Greek tyrants. It seems probable that this great man, who is often called not *τύραννος* but *βασιλεύς*, did not destroy or suspend the free institutions of Syracuse, but (like Cosimo the Elder at Florence) reigned partly over and above the constitution, partly through the constitution. But these are matters too large to be dealt with in our space.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THE PRIME MINISTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Edited by Stuart Reid. Sir Robert Peel. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. London: Sampson Low & Co.

TWELVE ENGLISH STATESMEN. Edited by John Morley, M.P. Sir Robert Peel. By J. R. Thursfield. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. MCCARTHY has written a bright and sympathetic sketch of Sir Robert Peel. But those who desire to gain real insight into the character of the distinguished statesman, and to acquire full and accurate knowledge of the political movements in which he took part, must turn to Mr. Thursfield's admirable work. Mr. McCarthy has written a sketch; Mr. Thursfield has given us a study. The one has looked up his subject; the other has thought it out. Those who read Mr. McCarthy will be pleased with the smooth narrative of a practised writer. Those who read Mr. Thursfield will be instructed and impressed by the researches and reflections of a careful political student, and the master of a scholarly, if not a brilliant style. Mr. Thursfield's "Peel" must, indeed, rank among the best political biographies of the day.

Sir Robert Peel's name is associated chiefly with two great measures—Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. By his conduct in dealing with those measures he must upon the whole be judged. As a Tory Minister, he passed two Liberal measures—believing in the necessity of the one and in the justice of the other. Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Thursfield think that on both occasions he acted like an honourable and patriotic Minister. Every impartial authority must be of the same opinion. The part played by Peel in the struggle for Emancipation was not altogether a part of which his admirers can feel proud; but to have resisted the Catholic claims after the Clare election, and after unmistakable signs of disaffection had shown themselves among the troops, would have been to add criminality to folly. Peel saved himself and his country from this disgrace. The argument that he ought to have resigned, and allowed someone else to bring in the measure, is not worthy of notice.

Peel and Wellington only could have steered the Catholic Relief Bill through Parliament and got over the "scruples" of the King. Peel, in fact, showed moral courage in taking up the Catholic question in 1829. Had he consulted his own ease, he would have retired from the Ministry. But he responded to the call of duty, and stood to his guns.

The melancholy thing is that he did not act from a sense of justice in dealing with the Catholic claims. He did not stop to ask himself, "Is it right to keep Catholics out of Parliament?" He only asked, "Is it safe to let them in?" Up to 1829, he thought it would be unsafe to yield. In 1829, he thought it would be unsafe to resist. He said in the House of Commons, on May 9th, 1828—a few weeks before the Clare election: "I am persuaded that the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities would be attended by a danger to the Protestant religion, against which it would be impossible to find any security equal to our present Protestant constitution." Even after the election he did not immediately realise that the game of resistance to the Catholic claims was up. With a fatuity which seems incredible, he wrote to Anglesey a week after the election, suggesting, not the best means for carrying Emancipation, but the best means for keeping O'Connell out of Parliament. Having said that O'Connell's refusal to take the oaths would not disqualify him from again presenting himself to the electors of Clare, nor invalidate a second return by the sheriff, he adds: "The effectual remedy against such a return would be to pass a law enabling the same oaths that are to be taken at the table of the House to be tendered to a candidate previously to the election, and thus to disqualify the man who cannot be a member of Parliament from being a candidate. There is nothing unreasonable in this." Mr. McCarthy, however, is right in saying that "Peel allowed himself through all this crisis to be

educated by the teaching of facts." The process of education was sure, but very slow. Mr. McCarthy justly animadverts upon the conduct of the Ministry in disfranchising the forty-shilling freeholders—the men who won the Clare election—and in refusing to make the emancipation retrospective, thus disabling O'Connell from taking his seat for Clare.

Mr. McCarthy says that Peel "dealt fairly, and even generously, with the second Melbourne Administration." This statement can only be accepted with reservation. Peel carried the Emancipation Act in 1829. Between 1835 and 1841 Melbourne, helped by the incomparable Drummond, did his best to make the Act a reality. Peel did his best to make it a dead letter. This fact has never been duly emphasised. Peel has never received the censure he deserves for his wrong-doing during the second Melbourne Administration. The policy of the Catholic Relief Act was to establish religious equality in Ireland. Melbourne sought to carry out that policy. Peel thwarted him at every turn. The admission of the Catholics to the Municipal Corporations (in fact as well as by law) was a necessary corollary to the admission of Catholics to Parliament. Melbourne tried to reform the Municipal Corporations on a popular and Catholic basis. Peel strenuously opposed his efforts, and succeeded (with the aid of the House of Lords) in abolishing fifty-eight of these bodies, and securing only a restricted franchise for the remaining ten. Lord Melbourne's Ministry was the first that made a sustained effort to govern Ireland on principles of civil and religious liberty. Peel was the bitter enemy of that Ministry. However, he learned much in the Irish debates of the period; and when he returned to office in 1841 he showed a disposition to deal with Irish questions in a more liberal and enlightened spirit. Mr. McCarthy says that in 1829 Peel changed his policy but not his convictions. In 1841-6 he changed his convictions. By the way, Mr. McCarthy makes no reference to the Repeal movement—rather a serious omission considering that the subject engaged Peel's attention from the beginning to the end of his Administration. But Mr. Thursfield has devoted an admirable chapter to the conflict between "Peel and O'Connell" between 1841-6. Peel deserves credit for his efforts to deal with the Irish Education question by the establishment of the Queen's Colleges, and with the Land question by the appointment of the Devon Commission and by the Land Bill of 1845.

Peel emancipated the Catholics because he thought it was necessary. He repealed the Corn Laws because he thought it was just. It is a pleasure to turn from the part of Peel's "Memoirs" in which he deals with the one question to the part in which he deals with the other; in the first we see the Opportunist Minister seeking the safest course; in the second the benevolent and conscientious statesman striving to persuade his colleagues to act with wisdom and justice. Peel opposed the Catholic claims almost to the end; but he was a Free Trader almost from the beginning. He would have refused Catholic Emancipation in 1829 if he dare; he would probably have repealed the Corn Laws in 1841 if he could.

The Clare election and the events which followed forced him to emancipate the Catholics. But the Irish famine of 1845-6 gave him an opportunity, which he seized with avidity, for carrying out the policy of his heart. "There can be no doubt," said Mr. Cobden, "that Sir Robert Peel is at heart as good a Free Trader as I am. He has told us so in the House of Commons again and again; nor do I doubt that Sir Robert Peel has, in his inmost heart, the desire to be the man who shall carry out the principles of Free Trade in this country."

Sir Robert Peel was not a great man, but he was a great Minister. He did not see far, but he saw clearly. He inspired no great movement; he was the author of no stirring policy. But once persuaded of the necessity or justice of a measure, he took it up with resolution and carried it through with courage.

While to O'Connell belongs the nobler part in the struggle for Emancipation, and while to Cobden and Bright must be given the chief credit for the repeal of the Corn Laws, yet the Minister who steered both measures safely through Parliament, overcoming the opposition of powerful factions, and winning the support of unwilling colleagues, deserves also a place in the memory and in the heart of the nation.

"MR. GOSCHEN'S FINANCE."

MR. GOSCHEN'S FINANCE. By Sir Thomas Farrer, Bart. London: Liberal Publication Department, Parliament Street. 1891.

THE Liberal Publication Department have been very well advised in republishing Sir T. Farrer's articles on "Mr. Goschen's Finance." The little volume has a two-fold value. It will be useful to those who desire to study Mr. Goschen's doings—his good deeds and his bad—in Imperial and in Local finance. But, beyond this, Sir T. Farrer's book forms a lucid exposition of the whole question of Local finance, a subject that includes financial problems as complicated as, and hardly second in importance to, any which can be found in Imperial finance. The latter is no doubt more interesting and more exciting than the former. It is bound up with our national history, it has made and marred political reputations, it has floated or wrecked more than one Government. Wars leave on it scars which long years of peace never wholly obliterate.

On the other hand, local finance seems to the ordinary mind to be concerned chiefly with questions of roads and sewers, of paupers and lunatics; to be administered, or maladministered, by vestries and boards of guardians, or other obscure bodies; to involve the levy of an unpopular rate which the ratepayer considers far too high, and levied on an assessment which he thinks preposterously exaggerated.

But of late local government has been partially reformed and placed on a higher level, and questions of local finance are beginning to excite greater and more intelligent interest. And certainly they are well worthy of most careful consideration. The Imperial revenue from taxation now amounts to £73,000,000 a year; the local revenue to £46,000,000. It has taken thirty years to reduce the National Debt by a hundred millions sterling, and but twenty to add a hundred millions to our local indebtedness.

These figures alone make the importance of the subject evident, and we know of no publication, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Goschen's own volume of 1872, that exhibits anything like the same grasp of the subject of local finance, which deals with the question so lucidly, or lays down more clearly the true principles of action.

What are these principles? To use Sir Thomas Farrer's own words:—

"To give full effect to sound principles, our system of local finance should be one in which Imperial finance is entirely separated from local finance, so that local needs may raise no further claims on the Imperial Exchequer; and in which local taxes are levied by local authorities out of local resources, with a large amount of discretion both as to their amount and their application, so as to throw the burden, the responsibility, and the benefit on the same local shoulders."

And how have these principles governed Mr. Goschen's actions in his dealings with local finance?

"The effect of the recent changes has been to leave national and local accounts inextricably mingled and confused, with very bad results both to the Imperial Exchequer and to local government. If we examine the different items by which local rates have been supplemented, we shall find that they are all open to one or more of the following objections:—In the first place, the National Exchequer is exposed as much or more than it was before to further claims on the part of local authorities, and, at the same time, future dealings with specific Imperial taxes are embarrassed by giving local authorities a direct interest in them. In the second place, local authorities are made even more dependent on the central Government than they were before. In the third place, the new Imperial doles are not distributed in such a way as to give satisfaction or to meet the real justice of the case."

But Sir T. Farrer is not content with criticism; he is prepared with specific proposals to carry out his principles. He proposes to restore to the

Exchequer the half probate duty handed over in 1888, which is in no sense a local tax. To restore the "earmarked" 3d. on beer and 6d. on spirits, imposed and handed over in 1890—again, in no sense a local tax, and the earmarking of which tends greatly to confuse Imperial and local taxation. The produce of these three taxes amounts to about three millions a year for England and Wales. To fill this void the proposal made is to hand over to the local authority for taxation that which forms the most natural and the least objectionable source of revenue—the real property of the locality. Real property—i.e., houses and land—forms

"A fund which is increased in value by expenditure out of local rates. A fund which, in urban districts, where the burden of rates is most felt, is constantly becoming larger, and, therefore, more able to bear taxation. A fund which does not bear its fair share of Imperial taxation, and which in towns does not (unless in the case where the owner is also ratepayer) bear any direct share of local taxation at all. A property which local authorities are accustomed to assess, and which they are, therefore, competent to tax. A property which it is their interest to tax fully and fairly, but which it is not their interest so to tax as to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs. A fund in taxing which they will not be casting a greedy glance on the public purse of the nation. Finally, it is a kind of property which is already the subject of invidious criticism, and which, if not fairly taxed, will undoubtedly be the object of dangerous attacks."

Hence, the Inhabited house duty and the Succession duty should be handed over in their entirety to the local authority. Further, revenue should be derived from the taxation of "ground values"—or, what is the same thing, a portion of the rate now paid by the occupier should be shifted on to the owner.

The "bitter cry" of the occupier has been loud and persistent of late, and the question of the taxation of ground values has been brought well within the range of practical politics. Almost everyone would, we suppose, assent to the proposition that the burden of rates should be borne by each interest in proportion to the benefit it receives. But, at present, the "occupier" bears the full burden of rates which largely go to benefit the "owner." The difficulty lies, however, not in the principle, but in the application thereof, in distinguishing between the different and intermediate interests, in taxing them proportionately, and in preventing the owner from again throwing back the burden on to the occupier.

At the best, justice can only be done in a rough-and-ready way. The plan proposed by Mr. Fletcher Moulton and others of separately assessing and taxing the value of the land apart from the value of the buildings is ingenious—but it would not work. Mr. Montagu's proposal to charge the interest of the sums devoted to permanent improvement on the occupier, and the repayment of the capital on the freehold reversionist, is also ingenious, but also, we fear, unworkable.

Probably the most feasible plan is to fall back on the principle of Mr. Goschen's scheme of 1871—since further elaborated by Lord Hobhouse, and practically endorsed by Sir T. Farrer—namely, to allow the occupier to deduct a certain and fixed proportion of the rate from his rent. Half the rate was suggested in 1871 as a fair proportion. Further, each intermediate "owner" should pay such portion of the half-rate collected from the occupier in proportion to the amount of annual benefit accruing to him from the property assessed, the deduction being carried out on the method at present in force in regard to the income and property tax.

So far as regards the annual value. The capital value can be directly taxed by an increase in the succession duty, and such an increase would assuredly follow if this tax were, as it should be, handed over to the local authority. As an Imperial tax, no Chancellor of the Exchequer, however willing, seems to be strong enough substantially to increase the succession duty. As a local tax, the pressure brought to bear to lighten the rates at the expense of a death duty on realty, would be sufficient to overcome the opposition of the "landed interest."

In his future editions Sir T. Farrer will have to

add some criticisms on the fifth Budget of Mr. Goschen. By the time these lines are in print, the public will know whether the Budget, by its thoroughness, its manliness, or its simplicity, will have in any degree atoned for the grievous errors of its predecessors—Budgets which, to use Mr. Goschen's own words on another occasion, were "shabby, flabby, and inadequate."

DR. VERRALL'S EURIPIDES.

THE "ION" OF EURIPIDES, WITH A TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH VERSE, AND AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES. By A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. University Press. 1890.

DR. VERRALL is nothing if not original; but he is much besides. He is learned, reckless, witty, refreshing, and gifted with a power of swallowing camels which has quite destroyed his digestion for gnats. In looking back over the last three or four rakish cruisers that he has launched upon the peaceful waters of classical antiquity, we get a pretty safe general conclusion—that none of them could even by flattery be called watertight, but that all of them have done distinct service, and have helped to open the eyes of future ship-builders. As a general rule, originality in classical scholarship is rather a tame affair: there are certain broad highways on which the original scholar is accustomed to travel. The simplest form of all is to emend the text you are editing. If you can, discover a new MS.: failing that, prove that a very late and corrupt MS., hitherto despised, is the one untainted source of MS. tradition, and proceed to make emendations accordingly. Or, easier still, maintain that the book you are editing is not written by the author whose name it bears: write boldly on your title-page "The Annals of Poggio Bracciolini, commonly attributed to Tacitus": or, like Valentine Rose, publish with laborious erudition the "Fragments of the So-called Aristotle." Better still, discover, like Fick, not only that "Homer" was written by some hundreds of different people of different names, but also that it was originally written in a different language. There is a certain similarity among all these methods; but Dr. Verrall has been original in choosing his style of originality.

He is very conservative in his treatment of the text; he believes that books were mostly written by their alleged authors; he does not even care much about revising dialects or expunging glosses. But, in the manner of Mr. Donnelly, he sees secret meanings, and discovers that the plots of ancient tragedies are entirely unlike what anyone had imagined.

His greatest achievement in this line was his book on Horace. Formerly, scholars had innocently believed that the four books of Horace's Odes formed a collection of light and unconnected poems, playful, amorous, and philosophical. Dr. Verrall altered all that. The fourth book he treated separately; but the first three books, he declared, contained a series of deeply tragic scenes, held together by a close dramatic and historical unity, so as to leave half-hidden, half-revealed, a terrible conspiracy against the life of the Emperor and the sovereignty of Rome. What had formerly been light and aimless words became lurid hints of crime; what had formerly been the names of imaginary lovers and mistresses became the ciphers under which real conspirators and their guilty paramours lay concealed. In fact, Dr. Verrall contrived, without altering a word of the received text, to turn the whole Horace tradition upside down, and leave more of a chaos than even Bentley with all his emendations.

In his *Medea* Dr. Verrall whitewashed Jason and started a new Theory of Dochmiacs: but that amounted to little in comparison. In the *Seven against Thebes* he showed that the city attacked in Æschylus's play was not Thebes, and that the champions who attacked it were not Seven. He also turned his mind seriously to the pleasant task of making Greek puns. We knew beforehand that Æschylus, like Shakespeare, had occasionally

made a pathetic use of plays upon words: but Dr. Verrall made him a sort of tragic Joe Miller. Every tenth line had a play on words; every significant phrase had two meanings and sometimes three. More confusing still, Dr. Verrall discovered that the characters in Æschylus's dramas were in the habit of telling one another falsehoods; and their falsehoods were never explicitly confuted. Only one supposition was needed to make this theory work; the Athenian audience had to be credited with a sharpness of wit and a power of seeing through brick walls, which would make them appreciate any double meaning however abstruse, and detect any false statement on the part of a character in the dramas, however ingeniously invented and corroborated.

It is this view of the capacities of the Athenian audience that forms the basis of Dr. Verrall's treatment of the *Agamemnon* and the *Ion*. The former is still fresh in every scholar's memory. The plot is absolutely different from what scholars for the last five hundred years have believed. Nearly everything that the actors say on the stage is untrue, and the audience by its natural wit has to discover it to be untrue. It is this that makes the play so strangely entertaining—this series of plausible and undetected falsehoods which no one believes, but no one thinks it worth while to disprove or contradict. One other assumption has to be made as well. About half the play takes place in dumb-show; more than half the important characters never speak, and have not even got their names down among the *dramatis personæ*!

The *Ion* is treated in the same spirit. The ostensible plot of the play is this. Creusa, a princess of Athens, has been ravished by Apollo, and has exposed her child in the cave where the god met her. Apollo has rescued the boy and had him reared at Delphi, under the name of Ion, as an attendant in the Temple. Many years after, Creusa marries Xuthus. The pair have no children, and seek help from the oracle at Delphi. Then Apollo bids them in mysterious language receive the boy Ion as their son. After this, suspicions arise. Creusa suspects Xuthus of unfaithfulness, and imagines that Ion is the fruit of his perfidy. Under a terrible burden of suspicion and grief, she revolts against the god who has betrayed her of old and the husband who, she believes, is false to her now. She tries to poison Ion; is detected; pursued by Ion and an angry crowd, and at last rescued by the intervention of the Pythia and the goddess Athena, who tell the whole truth of Ion's birth. Certain tokens which Creusa exposed with her child are produced and recognised. Mother and son forgive one another, and Apollo is, in a limited sense, justified by the event.

Such is the ostensible plot; but Dr. Verrall thinks that his intelligent audience saw far through it and beyond it. They must have known that gods do not betray maidens: that the real seducer of Creusa was an ordinary villain and not a god, and that her unhappy offspring no doubt died when it was exposed. They disliked Delphi for political reasons, and they had a profound mistrust for priestcraft generally. They saw, therefore, that the Pythia's story about Ion's birth was only a daring invention; the apparent recognition of the tokens only a flimsy bit of guess-work; the whole conduct of the priests at Delphi only a piece of cunning and unscrupulous sacerdotalism, dictated by the necessity of preventing the crime of Creusa and her consequent punishment—evils which were caused in the first case by the falsehoods of the priests themselves. But, if Ion was not the son of Apollo, nor of Creusa, who was he? Probably, thinks the cynical doctor, the illegitimate son of the Pythian prophetess herself! He does not wish to condemn her harshly. Perhaps she was not really Ion's mother; perhaps Euripides did not mean that she was. However, circumstantial evidence is pretty strong against her; and in any case the existence of Ion in the Temple is not more creditable to the community than the appearance of a foundling baby in a nunnery generally has been.

This view is developed in an imaginary epilogue to the play, conducted by the priests at Delphi and certain Athenian envoys. The Epilogue is thoroughly well done, striking, and suggestive. It cannot by any possibility be true; but it cannot fail to add to the reader's knowledge and appreciation of the play, as well as give him an hour's delightful pastime. He will then turn back with a sigh to the title-page and reflect upon those significant letters—"Of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law." Happy is the criminal who gets that barrister-at-law for his defence.

The *Ion* is a hasty piece of work, occasioned by the representation of the play at Cambridge. In thoroughness and detail it stands on a lower level than the *Medea* or the *Agamemnon*, though in originality of treatment it is very like them. The translation is spirited and very rapid in movement; it is not the work of a real poet, but it certainly is the work of a lively, vigorous, and dramatic mind. The linguistic notes are brief and not of special value to an advanced student.

STORIES.

1. COO-EE: Tales of Australian Life by Australian Ladies. Edited by Mrs. Patchett Martin. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh.
2. AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.
3. THE SEAL OF FATE. By Lady Pollock and Walter Herries Pollock. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

"To our kind friends and readers I would therefore only say—'Coo-ee! Take up the cry and pass it on—Coo-ee!—and again—Coo-ee!'" These are the concluding words of the preface to a collection of Australian stories by Australian ladies. To this little outburst of Antipodal enthusiasm no critic can refuse to respond; before he proceeds to a merely judicial consideration of this work, the least he can do is, hopefully and trustfully, without asking the why or wherefore, to remark "Coo-ee!—and again—Coo-ee!" When he has got that over, he may proceed to ask what these stories are whose echoes, their editor hopes, "may linger pleasantly around the Bush station and by the English fireside." To begin, they, like the family of which Wordsworth wrote, are seven; and this is perhaps the most charitable thing that can be said of them; it also has the advantage of being absolutely true. There are humorous incidents in one of these stories; we find that one character misplaces an "h," and such is the culture of the other characters that they laugh consumedly at him, but have the delicacy to pretend that they are laughing because a child has dropped a plate; another character loses his clothes while bathing, and we know this is a humorous incident, because it is set forth as such in the Greek Prose book which was familiar to us in the days of our boyhood. But we should be wrong if, on this evidence, we said in our haste that Australian ladies had no originality. The very next story proves the contrary by its bold, almost foolhardy, use of that striking word "banana-fed." It refers to the "soft, banana-fed voice" of a girl whose name was Nancy. Is this hypallage? Or is it only a misfortune? We cannot say; we feel inclined to cast criticism aside and resort to a soft, banana-fed cry of "Coo-ee!—and again—Coo-ee!" We have not the space to notice all seven of these stories. The best, perhaps, in spite of its banalities, is "Mrs. Drummond of Quondong"—it shows evidence in places of some artistic feeling. Mrs. Campbell Praed has written a horrible story of "The Bunyip," which is a kind of Australian snark, apparently; it is one of those horrible stories which contain less horror than the author intends and less story than a reader expects. On the whole, there is little to praise in this collection. Its fun is rather dull; its tragedy is melodramatic; and though some of the stories are distinctly clever, others are not. Upon the whole, the book is a trifle disappointing. It may possibly "linger pleasantly around the Bush station"; but we do not think it will be popular

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"by the English fireside," however interesting it may be as a specimen of the literature of the newest world.

It is not very often that a reviewer comes across so bright and charming a book as "An American Girl in London." Miss Mamie Wick, its heroine, was to have come to England with her parents. They, however, were prevented from coming with her, so she went alone, intending to seek the protection of her father's aunt, Mrs. Portheris, who lived in London, and of whom the Wick family knew very little—

"In fact, we had not had a letter from her since several years ago, when she wrote a long one to Poppa—something about some depressed California mining stock, I believe, which she thought Poppa, as her nephew and an American, ought to take off her hands before it fell any lower."

"Poppa" obliged her :

"After that she sent us every year a Christmas card, with an angel or a bunch of forget-me-nots on it, inscribed, 'To my nephew and niece, Joshua Peter and Mary Wick, and all their dear ones.'"

However, Mrs. Portheris behaved very badly to the American on her arrival, and Miss Wick found a more satisfactory friend in Lady Torquelin, whose acquaintance she made on the passage. Miss Wick did not understand the mystical necessity for chaperonage, nor the correct relations of the sexes as they are understood in England. But she did her best to conform to English ways. There were one or two points on which she held out; she would say "rubbers" instead of "goloshes." She thought "goloshes" sounded profane. She liked England very much, partly on account of its stability.

"At home I am afraid we fluctuate considerably, especially in connection with cyclones and railway interests—we are here to-day, and there is no telling where we shall be to-morrow; so the abiding kind of city gives us a comfortable feeling of confidence."

She had that sense of confidence when she was riding on the top of the Hammersmith 'bus. She felt that she "was riding an Institution." There is one little scene, when Lady Torquelin and Miss Wick had got into a cab, which is worth quoting. It was a fast horse :—

"I was acutely miserable, he went so fast; but Lady Torquelin liked it. 'He's perfectly fresh, poor darling!' she said. 'It breaks my heart to drive behind a wretched worn-out creature, with its head down.' I said, Yes, I thought he was very fresh indeed, and asked Lady Torquelin if she noticed how he wagged his head. 'Dear beastie!' she replied, 'he's got a sore mouth. Suppose your mouth were perfectly raw, and you had a bit in it, and a man tugging at the reins—' But I couldn't stand it any longer; I put my parasol up through the door in the top. 'Make him stop wagging!' I called to the driver. 'It's only a little 'abit of his, miss!' and then, as the horse dropped his pace, he whipped him. Instantly Lady Torquelin's parasol admonished him. 'If you flog your horse,' she said emphatically, 'I get out.'"

Miss Wick observed well, at Ascot, at Oxford in the race-week, at her presentation—everywhere. And she records her observations with delightful humour, good temper, and perfect fairness. The characters are described with truth and clearness. It is a brilliant book and deserves to be read widely.

In "The Seal of Fate" two men quarrel; they are not fairly matched with either sword or pistol, and they therefore agree to throw the dice—the loser to destroy himself at the end of a month. 'The conditions of the duel are carried out. The dearest friend of the dead man at once starts to find out who is, practically, the murderer, and succeeds; but the murderer is—well, it will easily be imagined that he must be somebody who will illustrate by his identity the irony of destiny. It is not for nothing that authors call a book "The Seal of Fate." The idea of the story is better than its development. Some of the important characters are too vague and shadowy; we should be more interested in them if they were more real. The book has its strong and dramatic scenes, but the potentialities of the plot are by no means exhausted. The style errs on the right side, but it certainly errs; constant restraint seems at times to have quite broken its spirit. It is founded on a previous work, "A Cast of the Dice," by the same authors, from which it has been largely altered, except in scheme. It is curious to find in a book

which is evidently written with such care, two or three absolutely careless mistakes. For instance, on page 121, "Madame Baumbach" is written where "Madame Bremen" is intended.

RIENZI.

EPISTOLARIO DI COLA DI RIENZO, a cura di Annibale Gabrielli. Roma: 1890.

Few men in the whole course of the Middle Ages have established their place in history with such a strange and almost mysterious career as Rienzi. A contemporary life of him, on the authenticity of which some doubts were unsuccessfully advanced, has been hitherto the principal guide to the story of his adventures, though a source of even greater importance existed in the collection of Rienzi's letters. These letters, of course, had in great part been perused by Rienzi's modern biographers, but not all of them had been published up to the present, and the published ones were only to be found scattered through several books, many of which were scarce and difficult to procure. Very opportunely the "Istituto Storico Italiano" has undertaken to publish all these letters in one of the first volumes of a series of Italian Chronicles and Memorials. The letters, which have been edited with the greatest care by Signor Annibale Gabrielli, besides their historical importance in relation to the political events of which they treat, have a great interest, inasmuch as they help us to enter into many sides of Rienzi's strange character. The collection may be considered as divided into two groups, reflecting two distinct periods of Rienzi's life. The chief actor of the events of the year 1347 appears, in his earlier letters, quite a different man from the ascetic prisoner of Charles IV. and Clement VII. It seems as if the two years spent by him in the lofty solitudes of Mount Maiella had in some way accentuated some native tendencies of Rienzi's soul, and that the mystic element, always strong in him, had grown beyond proportion in his intercourse with the Franciscan disciples of Joaquim of Fiore, so that also to the study of Joaquinite ideas these letters bear a contribution not unworthy of attention. Taken as a whole, this book is of a most interesting character, and claims the attention both of students of history and of psychology.

HEADLAM'S MELEAGER.

FIFTY POEMS OF MELEAGER, WITH A TRANSLATION BY WALTER HEADLAM. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS is a book of the dilettante order: beautiful paper, immense margins, and from two to ten lines of text prettily printed in the middle of the page. There is an introduction, with almost no information in it; and, as a preparation for the main part of the book, where Mr. Headlam translates Meleager's poems from Greek into English, there are two pages where he translates his own poems from English into Greek. The translations in both cases show some skill, but not a perfect knowledge of Greek. In poem XVIII., for instance, ἀποπτήναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύερε, means, of course, "you have no whit of strength for flying away." Mr. Headlam gives :—

"O winged Loves, can ye fly hither there,
Without even strength to fly away again?"

He also misunderstands the word φάτρα in the same poem. This is a bad mistake. More serious, however, is the following: Love is speaking: "Who has hung about my temple walls these weapons, πανσχιστήν τέρψιν Ἐνυάλιου, i.e., the ugly things in which the war god delights?" The poem goes on to say that such blood-stained trophies suit the temple of Ares, but are abhorrent to Love. Mr. Headlam makes nonsense by writing :—

"Who was it hung gay spoils to use
about my temple thus?
A gift of high indignity
to Enyalios."

Is it possible that he thought Ἐννάλιος a name of Aphrodite? There are other inaccuracies of this kind which seriously detract from the skill, and, we may add, the good poetical taste, that is shown in the translation. Only one poem strikes us as very good, so good, that we cannot help quoting it :—

"A gift most piteous in thy mantle's fold
unto the grave
Thee, O Charixenus, eighteen years old,
thy mother gave.
Even a stone had wept upon the day
when from thy door
Forth with lament the burden of thy clay
thy fellows bore,
And loud thy parents wailed for misery
not marriage blest.
Alas, the disappointed charity
of mother's breast!
Alas, the empty travail!—ah, too stern
virgin above,
Unto the winds, thou barren Fate, to spurn
a parent's love!"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"THE Watering-places of the Vosges" are not half as well known in this country as they deserve to be, though in places like Plombières and Contrexéville, the baths—we are assured in these pages—are simply perfection. The Vosges district is remarkably rich in mineral springs; indeed, there are no less than seventy-six which possess recognised curative properties, without counting a score of others of doubtful reputation. Visitors from all parts of the Continent are beginning to flock to the spas of France, and Carlsbad, Homburg, and Baden-Baden, will need to look to their laurels. As yet, however, comparatively few English people—in spite of the recommendations of specialists like Dr. Macpherson and Dr. Burney Yeo—have found their way, even to the "Queen of the Vosges," as the latter has not inaptly styled Plombières. It is difficult to account, except on the ground of the caprice of fashion, for such neglect. The Vosges watering-places are all quite accessible to travellers, any one of them can be reached in a railway journey from Paris of from seven to ten hours' duration. As a rule, the scenery is fine, and in some parts really beautiful. Our countrymen, declares Mr. Wolff, do not yet know the Vosges, and yet there is no more picturesque mountain-chain in Europe. There is another advantage which ought not to be overlooked—the French doctors, with few exceptions, are less exacting in regard to time than their German brethren; three weeks is the rule, and the régime is much less severe. Plombières has greatly altered for the better since Voltaire described it to the Comtesse d'Argental as "un vilain trou, le séjour est abominable." Plombières and Contrexéville have English-speaking doctors, waiters, and the like, and at the latter spa an English church has recently been erected. At places, however, like Vittel, Martigny, Luxeuil, Bussang, to say nothing of the small spas of Alsace, the English visitor must rely almost exclusively upon his own knowledge of French. An analysis of the mineral properties of the different springs is given, and Mr. Wolff is at his best in describing the social life of the more quaint and less known of these health resorts.

We have seldom come across better change for half-a-guinea than the new edition of Mrs. Oliphant's "Royal Edinburgh." The book was published some twelve months ago at double that sum, and it now appears—with the illustrations which lent so great a charm to the work—in a more handy form, and at a price which places it within the reach of everybody. "Royal Edinburgh" is based on wide reading rather than on independent research, but it is nevertheless a book which portrays with dramatic skill the lights and shadows of Scottish life and character. Mrs. Oliphant contrives to blend realism and romance in these effective and artistic pictures of stirring incidents in the political, military, ecclesiastical, and literary history of the "grey metropolis of the North." The best passages in the volume are those which describe Edinburgh from the accession of James I. to the tragic death of James V., whilst the least satisfactory chapter oddly enough is that which seeks to recall the social and literary aspects of the city ninety or a hundred years ago. Nothing could well be better than Mr. George Reid's dreamy, imaginative, and clever illustrations; they are in complete accord with the style of the text and the nature of the subject.

The new edition of that remarkable compilation, "The Best Books: A Reader's Guide," contains twice as many titles as the previous one, which appeared in 1887; and Mr. Sonnenschein has not only added a number of fresh bibliographical and other notes, but has also to some extent remodelled the classification. The arrangement of the work deserves unqualified praise, for it is both admirable and ingenious. The scope of the book is far too wide to render any particular section of it altogether satisfactory to specialists; but it is only fair to remember that Mr. Sonnenschein's avowed aim is to meet the requirements of general readers in every department of science, art, and literature. Accuracy, in the strict usage of the term, is next to impossible in a work of such magnitude, but we make haste to add that the

errors which we have so far detected are for the most part of a trivial kind. At the same time we are bound to say that a good many books of no permanent value have found their way into the present enlarged edition. An index cannot be too prolix, and that which Mr. Sonnenschein has now provided is a marvel of industry and care.

Nothing, Douglas Jerrold used to declare, is so beneficial to a young author as the advice of a man whose judgment stands constitutionally at the freezing-point. Mr. Jacobi is—as everybody is aware who has anything to do with "The Making and Issuing of Books"—an expert, and in the course of his experience as manager of the Chiswick Press he states, with artless if somewhat amusing candour, that he has "frequently observed a lack of that knowledge which is so essential" to all who are bent on authorship. Like a sensible man, Mr. Jacobi in this dainty volume avoids technicalities as far as possible, and explains, with great clearness and commendable brevity, a variety of practical details relating to the printing and publishing of books. The preparation of manuscript for the press and the correction of proof-sheets are first explained; then the character, sizes, and names of different sorts of type and paper are indicated. The methods of illustrating and binding books are next described, and then the mysteries of subscription, copyright, and registration are revealed. A short glossary of bibliographical and typographical terms now in vogue still further heightens the value of the volume as a practical manual. There are some capital hints on corrections for the press, and now that the voice of the amateur author is loud in the land, the sensible advice which Mr. Jacobi has to give ought not to pass unheeded. Authors' corrections have been called the bane of the publisher and the bread-and-jam of the printer. They are apt, however, to punish, like too generous potations, the man who indulges freely in them. Only an "author" with more money than wit is likely to do so when he understands the cost of superfluous corrections, and that is a subject which Mr. Jacobi, in spite of the bread-and-jam of the trade, endeavours to make them understand.

The nimble sixpence will now purchase either Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" or Kingston's "Three Commanders." Both novels are deservedly popular, and the first is already almost a classic. There can be little doubt that each will secure many new readers in the present cheap and convenient form.

We are glad to find that a fifth edition has been called for of Mr. Ashton's "Continental Handbook." The object of this useful little manual is to enable a stranger, who is so minded, to find his way at once in France, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy, and other parts of Europe to the rallying-points of Protestant faith and activity. Information is given, in a clear and concise form, about religious work and worship in the cities and towns of the Continent, and several tours are sketched out for the guidance of travellers who are wishful to visit scenes rendered memorable by great movements or events in Church history. The handbook is published, we understand, at the instance of the Evangelical Continental Society, an organisation which on purely undenominational lines seeks to promote Protestantism in most of the great cities and towns of Europe. Mr. Ashton, with the help of many correspondents at home and abroad, has done his work well, and this volume of scarcely more than a hundred pages is filled with facts and statistics of an interesting and cheering kind.

Sir William Roberts has issued a volume on "Digestion and Diet," which consists for the most part of lectures delivered before the College of Physicians in 1880, and a course of five addresses on "Dietetics and Dyspepsia" given in 1885 at the Owens College, Manchester. Some earlier and later contributions on these or kindred subjects have also been added, but though Sir William has given a certain degree of order and coherence to the essays in their present form, he is careful to state that he has made no attempt to write a systematic treatise. The book, to a large extent, is caviare to the general, but everybody can at least appreciate what so eminent an authority has to say on the preparation of food for invalids and various other practical points in dietetics.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE leading topic in political circles during the week has been the probable date of the General Election. Nobody labours under any doubt as to the character of the Budget of last week. It was unmistakably a dissolution Budget, and it heralds an appeal to the country at no distant date. Some of the Tories, who detest Free Education, have made haste to hail Mr. GOSCHEN'S announcement as an electioneering move of the highest importance. We do not care to be so cynical as these admirers of LORD SALISBURY and his colleagues. We prefer to think that there are at least one or two Ministers who genuinely desire to see the establishment of Free Education, and who are consequently free from the imputation of having abandoned their principles in order to gain a possible strategic advantage over their opponents. But be this as it may, the fact remains that Ministers will rely upon Free Schools as their battle horse on the day of the General Election. It is generally believed that if the Liberal party should show any intention of obstructing the passage of the Free School Bill, Ministers will seize the earliest opportunity of dissolving. We may, therefore, have a dissolution by the end of June or the beginning of July. More probably it will not come till the autumn, when, should the measure be carried, the electors will have enjoyed a taste of its fruits. Another theory as to the actual date of the dissolution is that it will not take place till the beginning of next year, and will follow the introduction into the House of Commons of the long-promised Local Government scheme for Ireland. Something, of course, will depend as to the actual determination of Ministers upon the result of the contested elections which are now going on; but for that result we shall have to wait for another week.

WE lost the Whitehaven election by 233 votes. Last week, writing before the result was known, we anticipated a probable defeat in a constituency which has been for so many years a pocket borough for the LOWTHER family. We cannot pretend, therefore, to be disappointed by a result which was practically a foregone conclusion. Far more important are the contests which still remain to be decided. The election for the Stowmarket Division takes place on Tuesday next, that for South Dorset on Thursday, and that for the Harborough Division of Leicestershire on Friday. It is curious that the authorities have fixed the six elections of last week and next week in such an order, that those which were the greatest certainties for the Government came first, and those in which the prospects of the Liberal candidates are most hopeful have been put off to the last. The coincidence may be accidental; but it certainly has a suspicious resemblance to party manœuvring of a rather paltry kind.

It was not in Liberal human nature to feel overgrateful to MR. JOHN ELLIS, who, thinking in all innocence that the House of Commons having gone so far in temperance legislation might fairly go a little farther, has succeeded this week in giving the publicans a fresh "lift." What happened was suggestive enough. The House has implicitly declared against compensating either brewers or publicans by rejecting the two schemes of 1888

and 1890 for bringing about that result. It has also passed the second reading of the Local Veto Bill for Wales, which is, practically, the Permissive Bill over again. It has also declared in the abstract for Local Option. MR. JOHN ELLIS concluded that it might be willing to combine these opinions in a consistent synthesis, thereby betraying, for an old Parliamentary hand, an imperfect appreciation of the workings of the House of Commons mind. What happened was natural enough. MR. ELLIS desired the House to vote simply for the reduction of the number of public-houses by local action. MR. FORREST FULTON, a clever young Tory lawyer, saw his chance, and turned MR. ELLIS'S flank by ingeniously accepting his resolution and linking it with a proviso that compensation was to be given. The Tories took their vengeance on the temperance party gleefully, and drove them with jubilant shouts to vote no-compensation, pure and simple, as against local option plus compensation—a neat enough Parliamentary dilemma.

THE first meeting of the Labour Commission was to be held yesterday under the presidency of LORD HARTINGTON, but little is likely to be done in the work which the Commissioners have before them until after the Whitsuntide recess. Not a few of those who, under strong pressure, have allowed themselves to be placed upon the Commission, make no concealment of the fact that they do not expect that its labours will have any specific result. A vast amount of evidence will, doubtless, be gathered together, but the report, when it comes to be presented, will hardly afford the nation much assistance in the solution of the great problems with which the Commission is supposed to deal. The members of the Commission have been invited to attend the great Liberal demonstration which is to be held in Hyde Park to-morrow, and which is to represent in this country the May-day celebrations which are expected and dreaded abroad.

MR. PARNELL did not shine last Saturday and Sunday when he paid one of his periodical visits to Ireland. He had announced his intention of visiting Thurles for the purpose of bearding ARCHBISHOP CROKE in his own stronghold. But at the last moment his courage failed him, and instead of going to Thurles he took another route to Clonmel, where he was also announced to deliver a speech. At Thurles there was considerable disorder caused by the attempts of MR. PARNELL'S supporters to break up a meeting of the Nationalists. The latter, however, held their meeting and were addressed in vigorous terms by the Archbishop. At Clonmel MR. PARNELL had a comparatively poor reception. He made a long speech, which the *Times* thought it worth while to report at full length, and in the course of his remarks he made certain statements regarding MR. GLADSTONE, to which that gentleman has since given a precise and emphatic denial. Nothing can be more lamentable than to see the rapid fall of the ex-Irish leader to a depth from which it is impossible that he should ever rise again.

MANIPUR was occupied on the 25th ultimo without difficulty by the converging British columns, and found to be abandoned and partly destroyed. The

opposition was trifling, for the "hard fighting" reported can be so described only by reason of that absence of all sense of scale to which we are unfortunately becoming accustomed. A vivid light is unconsciously thrown upon the causes which led to the disaster by MRS. GRIMWOOD's letter published in the *Times*; and a more unpleasant story can scarcely be conceived. Not merely was a military force marched into the heart of the country without any communication being made to the Resident as to the object of the movement; but the elementary precaution of providing that force with a proper supply of ammunition was neglected. It was then proposed by an act of treachery to arrest the Senaputty, who was to be invited to a durbar for the purpose, and whose unconsciousness of his impending fate is proved by his inviting MR. GRIMWOOD's party to a shooting expedition. This egregious arrangement broke down by reason of the too obvious display of force at the pretended durbar, and the Senaputty, driven to bay, took up arms. It is evidently possible that, but for poor MRS. GRIMWOOD's terribly graphic letter, the public would never have known the real truth; and the inference that other frontier troubles which have led to a great loss of (native) life may possibly have had a somewhat similar origin, is inevitable. The whole matter appears to demand a searching inquiry. The Government of India may well decline to fetter its frontier agents; but such a combination of gross political and military blundering ought surely to be impossible, thanks to the telegraph. We have seen what can be done in the way of the manufacture of war by a South African Proconsul; and the memory of LORD LYTTON's exploits in the same field supplies a sufficient warning of the possibilities open to unchecked ambitions.

HER MAJESTY'S Government show no alacrity in accepting the word of the Newfoundland delegates that they will see that due provision is made in constitutional fashion for enforcing our engagements with France. Thus they are alienating Colonial sentiment, and foregoing the chance of reaping approbation at home. And this is a fault, as anyone can see. The Newfoundlanders have not, in the opinion of the Government, proved too trustworthy of old time, and the Cabinet scents the possibility of a deception in the future. But, even putting it on the lowest ground, it argues a want of worldly knowledge to assume that because a Colony has flouted and deceived a long-suffering "Department," it would dare to play false with the British Parliament and public. It is a gain for us from a party point of view that the Government should thus act, but it is a gain which we would cheerfully forego. Nothing happens in politics except the unexpected, and it is just on the cards that LORD KIMBERLEY may signalise the commencement of his leadership in the Lords by inflicting on the Cabinet a reverse, such as no Liberal leader in that House has been able to accomplish for the last century and a half. In the mean time, the rebellious spirit among the fisherfolk of the French shore cannot fail to be a cause of serious misgiving to the Delegates. The spirit of mutiny has risen to such a pitch that nothing but the authority of the much reviled "Naval Officer" can re-assert the authority of the politicians of St. John's, whose feelings in the circumstances can only be compared to those of an Irish patriot addressing his constituents under the protection of the "Royal Irish."

WE called attention last week to the danger which threatens the Science Department at South Kensington in consequence of the action of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in assigning for the new Art Gallery a portion of the site already devoted to the Science Schools. We are glad

to see that a memorial, signed by a great number of the most eminent scientific men in the country, has been prepared for presentation to the Prime Minister. The memorial points out the fatal character of the injury which will be done to our great scientific institution at South Kensington, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer should persist in his present intention. There never was a case in which the duty of the Government seemed to be more clear. It is difficult indeed to understand how the generous donor of the Gallery of British Art can persist in his demand for a particular site, when he knows that its gratification will involve the most serious damage to the most important of all the institutions now collected at South Kensington.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount on Thursday, although for some days previously they had been charging as much as $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for short loans, and 4 per cent. for discount, and had been doing a large business at these rates. If they have reason to think that by continuing their present policy they will be able to attract gold, they are right to make no alteration. During the week the market has been influenced by preparations being made for paying off yesterday of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling of an old Russian loan which then fell due. It is believed that very little of the money will be taken out of the country; but the calling in of so large a sum from those to whom it had been lent disturbed the market for the time being and raised rates sharply. Just now the English provincial coin circulation is expanding, and the withdrawals of gold that always take place for Scotland at the beginning of May are going on. The discredit in Paris, too, is somewhat raising the value of money there, and, altogether, it looks as if for the present month, at all events, rates will remain fairly steady. It is hoped that a small amount of gold may be attracted from New York; and, of course, if money remains in as good demand in London some will be brought from other countries. The silver market continues weak and quiet. The price, after falling to about 44d. per ounce, once more has risen to $44\frac{1}{2}$ d. There is but a small demand for India, scarcely any for the Continent, and the American speculators are still embarrassed by the magnitude of the lock up in New York.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange has been decidedly quieter this week than last. On Monday a sharp fall in the shares of the Banque d'Escompte in Paris, and rumours that a great speculator there was in difficulties, caused a fall in the foreign market and inspired much uneasiness. It is now said that the speculator referred to has received the assistance that he requires and that a crisis is averted. At all events there has been a recovery both in Banque d'Escompte shares and in general prices upon the Paris Bourse. In the market for American Railroad securities there has been a decided check to the speculation which at the end of last week was assuming large proportions. The speculation is based upon the hope that the American wheat crop will be very large and the European very small, and it is thought probable that it will be revived again next week. For the moment several temporary causes have combined to check it. In the first place the Stock Exchange is always closed on the 1st May; and as that date fell on Friday this week the Committee of the Stock Exchange decided to close on Saturday also. With two holidays before them, speculators were induced to close their accounts very generally. Furthermore, the apprehensions of trouble in Paris warned them that caution would be prudent. And lastly, the scarcity of money and the high rates charged had a depressing effect. Outside of the foreign and American markets there was little doing, business being very quiet.

GOVERNMENT BY LARGESS.

"THE greatest electioneering *coup* that any Government ever made," is the description by a faithful henchman of the Ministry of its announcement with respect to free education; and that is sufficient justification of it in the eyes of many besides Mr. Fulton. But a word of pity is due to all true Conservatives, especially squires and nominees of squires and parsons, compelled to eat their words and to bless that which all their lives they have cursed. Mr. Howarth will not be able to form a cave or even a "grotto." He nevertheless gives expression to the discontent in the ranks at the latest example of government by largess; principles regarded as purely provisional, the aim being to outbid at any price the Opposition. Rarely, if ever, in English political history has an Administration so readily pocketed its principles, acted so steadily with an eye to votes, and so little regarded party traditions, as the present Government; and the latest example of its infinite squeezability is perhaps the most striking. The conclusion of the last Royal Commission on Education—a conclusion to which Lord Cross and other members and supporters of the Government were a party—was that "the balance of advantage is greatly in favour of maintaining the present system, established by the Act of 1870, whereby the parents who can afford it contribute a substantial proportion of the cost of the education of their children in the form of school fees." The ink on that recommendation is not long dry when the Government announce, on the eve of an election, that the balance of advantage is all the other way.

We shall none the less give fair play to "the greatest electioneering *coup* that any Government ever made," if only it prove an honest and carefully considered attempt to extend the benefits of free education, and not a design to give new life and power to denominational schools. That free education is the corollary of compulsion, that the whole system of payment of fees is breaking down, has been becoming plain to all observers; it is astonishing to note how rapid has been the growth of a conviction among those who have worked the Act of 1870 in great cities that the entire remission of fees is only a question of time. Their collection is a serious trouble and loss of time to teachers. It is a frequent cause of irregular attendance, and the right to demand payment would operate still more than it actually does but for wholesale remissions of fees. There may be cases in which payment of fees, small though they seem, is a serious subtraction from a meagre wage; we prefer to rest the case for free education, not upon the claims of parents to relief, but upon the children's necessities, the existence of compulsion, and the legislation passed last year for Scotland. Most persons who have had occasion to consider the problem have been led, often reluctantly, to the conclusion that free education in some form must come; but we should have liked to see a little more careful consideration of the best plan, and it may be doubted whether the Government even now see clearly all the details of the solution. Much was to be said for the view that the matter should be dealt with as a purely local question; that if a board chose to open a free school it should be able to do so, but that it should not be bound to give education *gratis*. That was perhaps the truly Conservative solution. It is now, if ever it was practicable, superseded by the announcement of the Government. Everywhere there must be schools, and everywhere they must be free.

And here we approach the supreme difficulty upon which we have yet received no light from the supporters of the Government. No one has hitherto,

as Lord Norton admits in his letter to the *Times*, produced a satisfactory scheme under which voluntary schools can co-exist with free education. Not for a moment is it to be conceded that schools wholly or chiefly dependent upon local rates or large grants from the Treasury should be exempt from popular control. The present arrangement under which State aid is given to denominational schools—persons governed by a squire or a rector—is illogical, and justifiable only as a compromise. True Liberals have never ceased to regret that an undenominational school was not placed within reach of every family, and that every grant was not given subject to representative control. They may acquiesce in the arrangement of 1870, but they do so reluctantly, and any extension of the concessions to denominational schools they will strenuously resist. This is of the essence of the matter, and until we have a clear statement of the manner in which the Government propose to surmount this difficulty, we must suspend our judgment upon their proposal. They may be assured that many who have hitherto treated the Education Act of 1870 as a provisional settlement, now hold themselves free to discuss, in all its length and breadth, the propriety of entrusting large sums raised by general taxation to private persons acting in the interest of any denomination. Who knows but the announcement of free education may be the beginning of the end of denominational schools?

Another *caveat* must be lodged. It is well known that in none of the Education Acts is there a definition or restriction of the phrase "elementary education." It is, as it ought to be, elastic; and, on the whole we cannot but welcome the marked tendency which there has been to extend it, and to include subjects outside the bare rudiments of knowledge. Those who have never been heartily reconciled to the education of the poor have murmured against this, and we anticipate that they will ask that a hard-and-fast line be drawn so as to prevent the remission of fees except in the case of children under the first standards. Against any such niggardly spirit we protest. It is now understood as it never before was that, for most intellectual and moral purposes, education which stops short at reading, writing, and even needlework, is of little use, and that in later life traces of such education fade away. It is one of the blots on our system that so few children—in 1889 only 138,864 and 38,362 out of a total of 2,580,720—were examined in Standard VI. and Standard VII. Free education ought to mean here what it means in other countries which have preceded us in this path of reform. What Lord Norton denounces as "gratuitous folly," appears to most Liberals an absolute necessity. The boon would be worth little if it were given on such conditions that the children of the poor were withdrawn from school and hurried into the work of the world at the very time when the precepts of the schoolmaster begin to find an entrance into their minds. It would be better far that free education should wait for a few years, than that it should be made the pretext for levelling down popular instruction. True friends of education will say, "Keep your money; we will not accept it on such ignoble terms." Even with this fear before us, however, we see no reason why as Liberals we should not rejoice in a step on the part of the Government which brings us nearer than we ever were before to an ideal educational system. We may even forgive Ministerialists their hypocrisy, for the sake of the great benefit which the nation at large must reap from that which is on their part only an unprincipled "electioneering *coup*."

MR. GOSCHEN'S BOOK-KEEPING.

IT is the hard fate of the present Government to be betrayed in the very department in which they had most reason to think themselves secure. No one expected Mr. Raikes to be a perfect Postmaster-General, or looked for anything wonderful from Lord George Hamilton at the Admiralty. But sober Tory squires and City merchants alike felt that the National accounts, at any rate, were safe in the hands of Mr. Goschen. And Mr. Goschen has succeeded, in the short space of four years, in hopelessly involving our book-keeping.

This year, as we have said, Mr. Goschen's Budget proposals are not in themselves objectionable. He has left undone those things which he ought to have done, but he has not committed the usual Tory fault of doing those things which he ought not to have done. And for what we have received we are truly thankful. But the slashing assault of Sir William Harcourt on Monday night revealed to a bewildered House how seriously the accumulated effects of three disingenuous Budgets had muddled our public accounts.

We are spending over thirty-seven millions this year on the defences of the country; but only thirty-one millions appear in Mr. Goschen's budget of ordinary expenditure. We are raising in the Queen's name over ninety-four millions of revenue; but only ninety millions stand in Mr. Goschen's statement. He takes credit for a surplus of nearly two millions; but the total expenditure of the year will exceed the total revenue. There is really no surplus at all, as surpluses were wont to be reckoned.

What the plain man wants to know is the total sum collected and spent during the year under each head. What Mr. Goschen now gives him is a confused medley of conflicting statements as to the meaning of which even the experts differ. Besides the ordinary revenue, we have Somerset House acting as the collector of licences, spirit duties, and probate stamps for the local authorities. Besides the Army and Navy Estimates there are payments on the Imperial Defence Account, payments under the Naval Defence Act, payments on the Australian Account, payments for barracks—we are not sure whether this is all. Besides the automatic reduction of debt, there is a hidden accumulation of liabilities, against which Mr. Goschen airily hypothecates the problematical future dividend on the Suez Canal shares. The *Economist* may unkindly refer to the Budgets of bankrupt South American States, but the analogy that will occur to the plain man is the unravelling of the accounts of Mr. Micawber, which involved, if we remember right, the united efforts of nearly the whole of the surviving characters of "David Copperfield." Is there anyone outside the door of Mr. E. W. Hamilton's sick-room who can really tell us precisely what is the total indebtedness of the English Government to-day?

We are not concerned at the present moment to discuss whether our money is being rightly expended. It may be, as the Conservatives tell us, a laudable thing to increase our outlay on the fighting services by three or four millions a year. The relief to the landlords in the shape of local subsidies may have been an heroic effort of fiscal virtue. All we complain of now is the obscurity in which Mr. Goschen veils his good deeds, and the modesty with which he prevents his left hand from knowing what his right hand is doing.

The fact is, that the Government is not prepared to face the consequences of its growing expenditure.

If the increase in our defences were really so popular as we are assured, it would not be quite so necessary to hide away all evidence of its accomplishment. If he had not an uneasy sense of getting ironclads "on tick," and barracks by resort to an Imperial "uncle," Mr. Goschen would probably not have been so eager to prove how superior he was to his predecessors in reducing the debt. Exactly what he is doing in this direction no plain man can tell.

It is hardly necessary to emphasise the fact that this obscurity is, in itself, an evil of the first magnitude. All effective control over expenditure disappears with the loss of simplicity in the accounts. Mr. Goschen has, indeed, contrived to display an almost unholy knowledge of the worst features of Continental finance. The greatest obstacle to Democratic control over the French Government expenditure is the Extraordinary Budget, and the Extraordinary Budget is now a regular feature of Mr. Goschen's finance. The most serious constitutional shortcoming of Prince Bismarck's fiscal policy was his worship of the Septennate, and the characteristic innovation of Mr. Goschen's Budgets has been the repeated creation of little Septennates, complicated devices for settling this year what shall be spent three or five years hence. As for the concealing of deficits by hidden loans, the silent piling up of floating debt, the anticipating mortgaging of future assets—what are these but the everyday expedients of Portugal or Russia?

We have said nothing about the confusion worse confounded into which Mr. Goschen has plunged the book-keeping between Somerset House and the local authorities, and between the various local authorities themselves; the muddling up of the revenue from licences between different recipients, the splitting of the probate duty, the duplication of the spirit taxes. The main note of Mr. Goschen's finance is, indeed, that of complication. Each new device plunges us further into confusion. Every one of his fiscal arrangements must be reversed by his successor if we are once more to regain that simplicity of book-keeping which is indispensable to sound Democratic finance.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S APOSTASY.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has reached the culminating point in his remarkable career. The man who once inspired the Irish party with the belief that he alone among English politicians was ready to grant them all that they demanded, and who has for the past five years been the bitterest opponent of the statesman who brought Home Rule within the range of practical politics, has now taken another step in his backward career. The chosen leader of the Nonconformists in their battle for the freeing of national education from denominational trammels, the man who pursued Mr. Forster with unsleeping hatred and unceasing calumny because he was not prepared at his bidding to destroy the denominational schools, has now with front of brass stepped into the arena as the champion and spokesman of those schools and their conductors. It is only what some of us expected from Mr. Chamberlain; but we confess to feeling some curiosity as to the way in which his old friends of the Birmingham League—some of whom have clung to him down to the present hour—will receive this latest display of an unparalleled apostasy. What has Dr. Dale to say about it, for example? Dr. Dale stood by Mr. Chamberlain when the latter threw over all his old

professions regarding Ireland and ranged himself on the side of the Castle and Coercion. Will he remain true to him now, when he denounces the "sectarian bigotry" of those of whom he was himself once the leader—the opponents of denominational education? It is an interesting question, and there are others besides Dr. Dale whom it affects. Many Nonconformists, as we know, have sided with Mr. Chamberlain on the question of Ireland. How many of them are likely to side with him on this question of Free Education? Mr. Chamberlain himself we understand. His vindictive temper, his subordination, at every twist and turn in his political career, of questions of principle to questions purely personal, his never-failing self-idolatry, account sufficiently even for his desertion of the principles which he once did so much to commend to the people of England. It is enough for him that he thinks he sees in the adoption of the Government proposals an opportunity of striking another blow at the statesman whom he sought to hustle from the stage six years ago, and whom he can never forgive for having failed to yield to his imperious demands. Believing this, there seems to be no measure at which he will stick in order to aid the Government, even though he must take a course by which he virtually brands the Mr. Chamberlain of twenty years ago as a fanatic and an impostor, and holds up to the contempt of the world the cause of which he was long the foremost champion.

Mr. Chamberlain's action, we repeat, is fully accounted for by the personal characteristics of the man himself. But we do not believe that those Nonconformists who happened to agree with him on the Irish Question will now follow him meekly in his desertion of the principles he formerly professed on the question of National Education. The charge he makes against the Liberal Party of seeking to destroy the denominational schools, is one which he himself would twenty years ago have denounced as a wilful falsehood. It is, indeed, a charge which can only have fallen from the lips of the most reckless and unscrupulous of partisans. The Liberal Party, true to the spirit of the compromise of 1870 (a compromise denounced more bitterly by Mr. Chamberlain than by any anybody else), has never wavered in its fair dealing towards the denominational schools. Since the Education Act was passed, the Liberals, it must be remembered, have been in office for more than nine years. They have had many opportunities during that period of destroying the denominational schools if they had been so minded. But what is the actual fact? It is that these denominational schools are in a more flourishing condition to-day than that in which they were in 1870. In other words, the opponents of the denominational system have kept faith with the managers of the Church schools, even though they have seen with unconcealed regret the strides which, under the compromise of twenty years ago, those schools have been able to take. But when it is proposed to give another substantial endowment from the public money to these schools, there is no true Liberal in the land, whatever may be his views upon the Irish Question, who must not feel called upon to demand that this expenditure of the public money shall be accompanied by some measure of public control. Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion at Birmingham last week, that this control should be provided by the appointment of one or two of the parents who are about to be exempted from the payment of school fees, to assist the managers of the schools, is positively comical in its absurdity. At present the parent has to pay and has no control. "Take away from his shoulders the responsibility for the fees; place that responsibility upon the shoulders of the

tax-payer, and then give—oh dear no, not the taxpayer whom you are about to mulct, but the parent whom you relieve, a share in the control of the school," says Mr. Chamberlain. It would be an insult to the common-sense of the public to dwell upon the absurdity of the proposal.

Yet this is all that Mr. Chamberlain has to offer towards the solution of a problem which at one time, at all events, he regarded as being of the gravest consequence. Nobody knows better than he does that the freeing of the schools, if no system of public control should accompany it, will be a new endowment of the Church in thousands of our rural parishes, and in not a few of our towns. Nobody has been more bitter than he has been in the past in denouncing any proposal of this character. We understand why he applauds it now; and being what he is, we can pretend to feel no surprise at his change of front. But we are anxious to know what his own friends and associates think of the matter. They cannot all of them have sacrificed principle to temper. There must still be some among them who are not prepared to regard opposition to Mr. Gladstone, and to the party to which they themselves once belonged, as the supreme purpose of their political lives—a purpose which they are bound to accomplish even, if it be necessary, by the betrayal of the cause nearest to their own hearts. In short, they cannot all be Joseph Chamberlains, endowed with those peculiar moral and mental qualities which distinguish that gentleman and differentiate him from his fellow-men. That being so, we await with some curiosity and interest their response to the invitation addressed to them by their leader to follow him in his fresh act of political apostasy.

FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.

THE press of all Europe has rung with the name of the great soldier who has passed away. Even France, in the words of the *Temps*, "is able to appreciate generously the eminent talents and the somewhat rugged simplicity" of the man who twenty years ago dealt her in quick succession blows unerring and deadly. "The Vienna and Pesth papers," states the correspondent of the *Standard*, "are not only unanimous in doing justice to the genius of the deceased Field-Marshal, but agree in admiring his greatness as a man." Amid the many reminiscences and the varying judgments which the death of the veteran has called forth there is scarcely a discordant note.

The successful soldier is not always a pleasant type, and, in Germany perhaps especially, the products of militarism do not invariably show to advantage; but the mark which Von Moltke's personality will leave upon the century cannot be attributed to success in war alone. It is true that in him the genius of an age of applied science seemed to find its incarnation; but the mere cold calculator of chances and schemer of combinations would have failed to touch the imagination with the power which it is clear that he wielded. Speaking in the Reichstag in 1874, Von Moltke resented the idea that mere science can suffice for war. "It has been said that it is the schoolmaster who has won battles for us. Mere knowledge, however, does not raise a man to that point at which he is willing to stake his life for an idea—for duty, honour, and the Fatherland." Behind "the great arithmetician," as he was called by Baron von Bunsen in these columns last year, lay the man, modest, simple and unassuming, wholly indifferent to all personal ends, permeated

by a supreme sense of duty. To Von Moltke, war was not a cruel necessity whose causes are to be sought in the origin of evil, but a regenerating agency by which alone the standard of true nobility can be upheld. "War," he said, "is one of God's own institutions and a principle of order in the world. In war, the noblest virtues of man are brought out—courage and self-abnegation, fidelity to duty, and love of self-sacrifice." And while the curse of war remains, it is well that a long life passed in its service can develop a character so essentially pure and single-hearted as that of the man of whom Baron von Bunsen was able to say, six months ago, "I believe that throughout his long residence on earth he never made an enemy. He cultivated all human relations which the bonds of consanguinity or sympathy had created for him. No neglect ever irritated, no triumph elated him." This even balance of mind is perhaps the truest index of real greatness. Calm and earnest when seeking in vain to save the hapless army of Hafiz Pasha from impending ruin, as calm after the terrible battles round Metz, the great soldier showed himself equal to either fortune. "Moltke quite cool and clear as ever," wrote the Crown Prince in his diary on the 20th August, 1870, "determined to march on Paris; Bismarck moderate, and by no means sanguine."

Coming generations will form a juster estimate of Moltke as a strategist than is possible for us, and while his genius will shine brightly upon the pages of military history, the conditions under which his two campaigns were fought will perhaps come to be regarded as excluding strategy in its highest aspects. But the great Mecklenburger, born in the year of Marengo and Hohenlinden, lived to usher in a new era of war, and to show that it was possible by patient study to anticipate its requirements. The lessons that he has taught not only in the field, but in the Bureau of the Great General Staff of the German Army, have been applied throughout Europe, and their full fruits have yet to be reaped. On war Moltke brought to bear all the force of his great intellect. It was the task of his life to construct—quietly and unnoticed till 1866—the vast machine, towards the perfecting of which all the resources of modern science were made to contribute. It was his further fortune to watch and direct for a time the mighty machine in full operation. The long years of patient labour will be forgotten in the brilliant successes of 1866 and 1870-71; yet the victories were, in a sense, the corollaries of problems previously solved. No consummate strategy crushed Austria in seven weeks, or secured the surrender of Paris, and the capture of more than two-thirds of the whole regular army of France, but the overpowering force of the tremendous weapon forged by Von Moltke in his Berlin office. And, in the forging of that weapon, no process was of more vital importance than the infusion of the stern sense of duty and of mutual loyalty, of independent initiative and self-reliance, by which, through the genius and shining example of Von Moltke, the army of Germany acquired a solidarity such as the world had never seen. This is perhaps the greatest lesson which he has bequeathed, and it is certainly one which we in England may well lay to heart.

The study of the science of war may not be the highest object of the human mind; but the greatest soldier of the age has at least shown that its pursuit throughout a long life is compatible with the development of a character exhibiting the truest nobility. And among the followers of the sciences of peace—theology not excluded—few have left behind a memory so unsullied, an example so rarely complete, as has Von Moltke.

LABOUR-DAY LESSONS.

IT is not, we hope, too much to say that sober politicians look forward to Labour Day with reasoned satisfaction. From the mere prudential side, there is no ground for holding any other view about it. Hitherto it has passed in peace, and the very slight collisions with authority that have occurred have been in no case the fault of the working-men. Moreover, it is a distinct sign of progress when a movement crystallises itself in the calendar, and adds a new memorial day to the year. Every day is "labour day;" and yet the sanctity of labour may very well be impressed on the cosmic conscience by some such solemn marshallings as we are witnessing or have witnessed. The time, too, has surely come when we can strike a higher note than that of *dilettante* sympathy. The solid comfort of middle-class life, and the luxury which spreads downward from the richest classes, no longer conceal the problems of poverty, the injustices of life, the unequal distribution of the opportunities for leisure, culture, and rational existence. A keener conscience, a more introspective habit, a more developed social science, are tendencies which all aid the labourer's resolve to make his grievances known, and to mass in the eyes of the world the forces on which he counts for redress. It is for him to compare the demonstrations of '90 and '91 with those of '48. But there is an essential difference. 'Forty-eight was largely a rising from the depths of multitudes untrained in the exercise of political power, unused to combination, ignorant as to methods, unfamiliar with reasoned ideals. It is far different now. In England, and to a lesser degree on the Continent, the lesson of combination has been well learned. The working-man has his State within the State—his trade union or his co-operative society, from which he is gradually acquiring the schooling which fits him for the larger citizenship, and opens politics to him as a new sphere of mastery.

It is here, perhaps, where the danger and the hope of the situation lie. It would be a bad thing if the working-man were to suppose that he could at a bound create a society conditioned by his own wants and aspirations, and by his narrow practical experience of life. Happily that does not appear to be his aim. It is quite true that he comes forward on Labour Day with a considerable demand on the State. In England, at all events, the Eight Hours movement has been strengthening on the "legal" side to such an extent that the Hyde Park demonstration of 1891 has apparently dropped its voluntary wing, and will present a simple demand for a labour day guaranteed directly by public authority. On the other hand, it is just as well to note that there is no question of enforcing all round the extreme limit of the labour day on which the working-men insist—though no one contends that that limit is in itself unreasonable—or of pressing an all-round eight hours day as a penal measure, to be enforced at all hazards on any body of refractory workers, however large. On the whole, it is impossible to deny that the general characteristics of the later phases of the English labour movement resemble those of its earlier stages—a certain wise pliability and recognition of the complexity of political duties. The Hyde Park demonstrators begin by demanding a State day of eight hours, which is practically a request not so much for a cast-iron rule of labour as for a normal standard to which private industry might reasonably be expected to approximate. That is hardly a revolutionary proposition. The Huddersfield Corporation has found it perfectly practical to institute the eight

hours for its tram workers, and so has the London County Council for the majority of its employees. As it has not ruined Mr. Brunner, or compelled Mr. Beaufoy to cease from the manufacture of British wines, it may be presumed that eight hours is a possible dividend of the working, as it is of the ordinary, day. Indeed, the device of the double shift suggests itself as an almost too plausible solution of all the economic difficulties which Professor Marshall and others have raised, and as an easy way of meeting both the workers' call for leisure and the employers' fear of a dangerous lessening of the national output.

However, we mention these things mainly for the sake of emphasising the points where politician and worker may find themselves fairly in contact. That some such point of junction must be found no man who reads the signs of the times can doubt. A working-class possessed of unlimited electoral power, and with the apprenticeship to the business of politics which the co-operative life of the trade unions promotes, is not likely to rest satisfied with the discussion of abstract changes in our political system. Or, rather, it is likely to discuss such changes, and is discussing them at this moment, with more and more reference to their bearing on the hard necessities of the proletarian lot. To-day it is an Eight Hours Bill. To-morrow it may be a new Poor Law. Here, again, we are confronted with the more cheering feature of working-class movements, that they are by no means inaccessible to cordial advances from the ruling classes. The testimony of observers in Germany is strong that the new Insurance Law—inadequate as it is—has largely moderated the tone of the Socialist propaganda. Socialism exists still, and in force, ready to resist a recurrence to the old *régime*, and to give a certain *doctrinaire* basis to fresh legislative efforts. But as a gospel of violent change it is very largely in abeyance. Here in England we have still better reason for supposing that in the main the temper of the workers is as conciliatory as ever. It is only more insistent, more bent on political methods as an instrument of social good, more resolute for a larger, more liberal social atmosphere. And it is here where the sounder and stronger teaching of Liberalism, with its traditional faith in the people, its habitual belief in the adaptability of the State to the democratic idea, should come in to 'stablish waverers and set the party four-square with the progress of the world.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

DURING the past few weeks there has been an extraordinary rise in the price of wheat. In the principal markets of England and Wales the average price last week, according to the *London Gazette*, was 40s. 1d. per quarter, compared with 30s. 4d. per quarter in the corresponding week of last year. That is a rise of 9s. 9d. per quarter, or over 32 per cent.; and the rise in foreign wheat has been equally great. On Tuesday of last week, for example, the best kind of foreign wheat sold in London at somewhat over 46s. per quarter. Since then there has been a slight decline, due to the falling off in the French speculative demand, and to some temporary weakness in America; but the opinion is very general that there will be a further advance. The winter has been unusually long and severe. It began as early as October, with a temperature lower than had been in the same month for nearly fifty years, December and January were still more severe, worse, it is said, than any corresponding months since

1813-14, and March and April have again been very cold. And with this cold there has been an exceptional drought. The consequence is that vegetation is unusually backward. France has suffered even more than this country; and the prospects also are bad in Holland, Belgium, and North Germany. A little while ago there were very bad reports likewise from Spain, Italy, and Hungary, but recently there has been some improvement. Respecting the crops in Russia the reports are very conflicting. It would seem, however, that a good deal of damage has been done in Southern Russia, while in other districts the prospects are favourable.

An unusually fine May and June would change prospects greatly, but there must be both rain and warm sunshine, or the crops must be both late and bad throughout Western Europe. In the United States the winter wheat crop promises better than in any year since 1882. The Indian crop, which must just now be harvested, is a fairly good one, and although the Australian crop is not as good as was reported at first, it is a fair average. On the other hand, the harvests of the world have been rather short for two or three years, and therefore the supply of old wheat is nearly exhausted. If, then, the harvest is late, the old stocks will be practically exhausted, and there must be a further rise in prices. If the harvest is not only late, but bad, the rise may be very considerable. Unfortunately, the pastures have suffered even more than the tillage farms. There has been scarcely any vegetation during April; the grass fields are bare; hay and roots are exhausted, and feed for cattle is both scarce and dear. Cattle farmers, therefore, are selling their stock, and prices in consequence are falling. Unless, then, there is an extraordinary change in the weather, and a change that will continue for the remainder of the agricultural year, the prospects of agriculture throughout Western Europe are anything but bright. In this country we shall suffer less than in France or neighbouring countries. Even in an average year we have to import fully two-thirds of our wheat supply. Should our harvest this year be bad, we should, of course, have to buy more and at higher prices, but though our farmers would suffer, the general community would not very much. For our foreign customers, who would make money by selling to us larger quantities at remunerative prices, would take more of our goods. But the consequences in France and the neighbouring Continental countries would be serious.

Suppose that the French harvests were short by a few million quarters—which, according to present prospects, is a very moderate hypothesis—and that the price were higher next year by only twenty-five per cent. than during the current year, the loss to French farmers and to the whole French community would be heavy; and if, at the same time, the hay harvest were light, as well as the beet-root and other crops, the effect could not fail to be serious. It is possible, too, that in such circumstances there might arise political discontent. The Exhibition and a couple of good harvests put an end to Boulangism; but bad crops generally might again lead to political apprehension. And, of course, the consequences would be still more serious if there were to be bad harvests in Spain and Italy, where already the finances are in such a disordered state. On the other hand, the exporting countries, such as the United States and Russia, would benefit as much as the importing countries would suffer. Already the hope of a good crop has given rise to a wild speculation in American railroad securities. All these securities are rapidly rising in price, and if the harvest is as good as now it promises to be,

the speculation will probably continue throughout the year. There is one other consequence of a bad harvest which should not be overlooked. If Western Europe has to buy exceptional quantities of wheat and flour from America and Russia, and to pay for them unusually high prices, Western Europe will incur a debt to the exporting countries. The latter may, if they choose, take payment in gold, and the result may be a serious disturbance of the European money markets at the end of the year.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week the ordinary items of foreign political news are to some extent thrown into the shade by events of a more exceptional kind. Besides the news from our own troops in Manipur, there has been an important naval engagement off the coast of Chili; Count von Moltke has died full of years and honours, and received such tributes of respect at his funeral as are ordinarily reserved for kings alone; the explosion near Rome, which was briefly noticed last week, has been suspected, apparently without cause, to be the outcome of an Anarchist plot; while the apprehensions of disturbance on the 1st of May have been strengthened by the premature outbreak of labour troubles here and there in Spain, and by the decision last Sunday of the Westphalian miners to strike for an eight hours day, which has not, however, been very promptly followed up; and last, but not least, a new Jewish exodus is announced under the direction of Baron Hirsch. The publication of this Chronicle will be anticipated by telegraphic news as to the May-Day manifestations. We need therefore only note probabilities. In Paris the feuds between the Marxists, Blanquists, and Anarchists (and probably other sects) will prevent anything more serious happening than a number of indoor meetings, and perhaps a cessation of work by the cabmen, though there may be some demonstrations in the provinces. In Italy open-air manifestations are strictly prohibited, but meetings will be held in most towns, and disorder is feared, especially at Naples—where several arrests were made early in the week—at Como, and at Bologna. In Spain a number of partial strikes have broken out—including one of domestic servants at Bilbao—while the compositors refuse to set up the newspapers on Friday, and much alarm is felt at Barcelona.

Delegates representing 166 societies of miners, and about 100,000 men, met at Bochum, in Westphalia, on Sunday, and resolved to strike for a programme including an eight hours day, to comprise the time taken by descent to and ascent from their work (from five a.m. to one p.m.), prohibition of overtime, and a regular increase of wages in proportion to every rise in profits; but, though the Belgian miners have promised their support, work was suspended on Monday at only seven mines out of twenty-six. Since then, however, the movement has spread, and on Thursday there were 15,000 men out. The masters are well organised, the men have no money, great preparations have been made to check disorder, and to obtain coal from abroad, and it seems unlikely that the strike will succeed. There are also strikes among the miners of Saxony and Silesia.

The champions of labour would be better employed in attacking the now dominant Protectionism. In Germany a law continuing the sugar bounty for some years in a much modified form is under discussion. It is estimated that twenty-four millions sterling has been paid away in bounties in the last twenty years to about 480 factories, and as improvements in the manufacture have caused the bounty to act as a premium, some of these have occasionally paid dividends of 90 per cent. Of course, a protected industry never reaches maturity, and the char-

acterisation of the present measure as temporary practically means nothing. In France there seems some hope that the alternative policies are at length becoming clearly defined—Protectionism of the McKinley type, supported by the majority of the Tariff Commission, and that kind of incipient Free Trade which is involved in Customs union. A successful meeting, presided over by M. Lockroy, in Paris last Sunday, declared against the tariff proposals, and advocated the extension of treaties of commerce. The Senators and Deputies of the Bouches du Rhône (the department in which Marseilles is situated) have sent a forcible protest to the Ministry dwelling upon the ruin with which the new tariff threatens not only their city but French prestige in the Levant, and hinting that serious disturbances may result from its adoption. On the other hand, 50 Councils-General have passed resolutions in favour of the policy of the Tariff Commission; and it is estimated that the present Chamber contains 330 decided Protectionists against 100 Free Traders and about 150 members who hold neither creed definitely. M. Goblet, whose chances of election to the Senate appear to be good, has declared against the new tariff.

The French Chamber will have plenty of work on the tariff question, as 144 amendments to the proposals of the Commission have already been handed in. It is thought that the discussion of the details may be reached by May 10th. The Chamber was to deal with the subject in its broader aspects on Monday, but M. Lockroy, the first speaker, was unwell, and no one was prepared to follow him.

Prince Bismarck, there is little doubt, will be an elected member of the Reichstag before these lines are published. It is understood that his first step will be to continue there the attack already begun by his organs on the Austro-German treaty of commerce. A pamphlet on the decline of Austria, written by Max Beyer, has been stated by some Vienna papers to have been inspired by him. The author denies this, but the pamphlet is said to agree with certain articles in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, exalting Russia at the expense of Austria, and to support the belief that the Prince has been endeavouring to secure a reconciliation with the Emperor through the mediation of the Czar. On Wednesday General Caprivi made his expected declaration as to the Guelph or Reptile fund, but added little to our knowledge. Part of the interest, it seems, is applied to maintaining the Hanoverian technical school, but about £25,000 sterling is placed at the disposal of Ministers as secret service money—more than ten times the amount granted for that purpose by the Reichstag. Legislation on the subject is promised for next year. The use to which the Fund has hitherto been put was severely condemned by several speakers who followed the Chancellor.

Scrutin de liste, established in 1881 in Italy, in imitation of France, was abolished last Saturday by 182 to 75. A proposal to retain it in the great towns was defeated by 211 to 91. Contrary to expectation, Signor Crispi did not speak against the measure. Its aim is to reduce the official pressure on electors—which is more easily exercised when the voter has to deal with lists of mostly unknown names than when he has to choose between two or three, probably his own neighbours. The Italian elector, in fact, is hardly advanced enough to vote for principles instead of men—even if any party in Italy had now a definite set of principles, except a section of the Extreme Left. The discussion on African affairs has already led to one scandalous scene in the Chamber. It is to be hoped the Extreme Left will not spoil a good case by extravagant charges.

In Belgium the Committee of the Chamber on the Revision of the Constitution has decided in favour of the French system of election to the Senate—that is, by an electorate composed of members of the Chamber, members of local councils, and elected delegates from each district—and may probably send in its

report at the end of May. Possibly the Chamber will consider the question in a special session in October—a plan said to be advocated by some members of the Right. Mr. Henniker Heaton has been advocating a penny post between Belgium and England in the columns of the *Indépendance Belge*.

The Anti-Slavery Congress is now sitting in Brussels.

There is no doubt that the Jews are to be expelled from Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other towns, and that a new emigration will shortly take place, to be followed probably by more or less confiscatory measures against the German immigrants, who have been so successful as to excite the alarm of the Panslavists for the future of their national institution, the *Mir*, or village community. Brazil will gladly take multitudes of emigrants, and originally was to a great extent colonised by Jews; but unless they fare very differently from the ordinary emigrant to Brazil of late years, they can hardly be advised to direct their course thither. The United States, too, will practically be closed to many of them by the new immigration law, and their only hope seems to be in Baron Hirsch, whose scheme, as indicated in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Tuesday, seems hardly to have taken definite shape. Certainly M. Blowitz's highly coloured descriptions of the Jewish slave market in Whitechapel will not help it on.

News from Chili has been plentiful this week. The *Times* of Tuesday published letters from two correspondents on opposite sides—one defending the President as a champion of democracy, the other detailing various atrocities committed by his troops. The lengthy Presidential message transmitted at the end of last week was an elaborate defence of his policy, requiring a knowledge of recent Chilean politics which is quite beyond the reach of almost everyone in Europe. These defences, however, only indicate that the President is a democrat of the type of Napoleon III. or General Boulanger, who appeals to the ignorant masses against a party which may be Conservative, but, at least, does know something about politics. On the morning of Thursday week last the insurgent squadron suffered a grave disaster at Caldera, the sinking of one of the two largest Chilean ironclads, the *Blanco Encalada*, by Whitehead torpedoes from one of the new cruisers (the *Lynch*) just arrived from Europe. The fact is noticeable as the first successful use of Whitehead torpedoes in action: but as the *Blanco Encalada* was surprised at anchor and was a fixed target for seven torpedoes it does not prove very much as to their practical use—though Continental critics hasten to assure us that England is already trembling for her naval supremacy. Nor, as the Parliamentary party hold all the nitrate districts, can we agree with the prophecy that they will be reduced to submission in a fortnight. On Tuesday an unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate the President by means of a dynamite bomb. The Parliamentary troops have occupied Copiapo.

THE FRENCH CLAIMS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE controversy which Sir William Whiteway and his colleagues of the Newfoundland Delegation have come to the bar of Parliament to explain, is one essentially historical in character. Till a very recent date there might have been some reason to apprehend that the British Foreign Office was hardly sufficiently conscious of the strength of its own position from this point of view; for in comparatively recent years the defective internal organisation of that department had on more than one occasion been the cause of serious mishaps to British interests in similar questions. The once celebrated Slave Trade Circular could never have been issued if at the time there had been a department in the Foreign Office specially organised to deal with business in which

complicated points of international law might arise. Delagoa Bay would probably be British territory at this moment if the British case had not been presented to the French arbitrator framed in such a manner as to render a hostile decision almost certain; and the same thing may probably be said of the last phases of the San Juan Boundary dispute with the United States. But the introduction of Sir Julian Pauncefote into the Foreign Office; the redistribution of the departmental work of the office by Lord Granville; the creation of a legal department—a long-delayed but necessary reform—by Lord Rosebery during his brief tenure of power; and the general vigour and confidence inspired into the whole service by Lord Salisbury, have rendered any risk of a repetition of former blunders, to say the least, highly improbable, and make it practically certain that whatever controversies may arise, they will be in safe hands. The papers presented to Parliament relating to the Newfoundland fisheries are an interesting proof of this. They are not only highly honourable in themselves to the authors, but are so conspicuously when contrasted with the documents on the same subject emanating from the French Foreign Office, which begin with the remarkable statement that the whole of Newfoundland was a French possession prior to the Treaty of Utrecht, and terminate by making Mr. Fox negotiate the Treaty of Amiens.

Just before the negotiations of 1884, I informed Lord Granville that, having a few years previously obtained the permission of Lord Derby, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to inspect the papers at the Record Office connected with the negotiation between Great Britain and France which preceded the Peace of Versailles in 1783, I had become aware that they contained what appeared to me an absolute answer to the French claim of an "exclusive" right in the fishery on the French shore, and that I thought it would be highly desirable that the attention of the British delegates then on their way to Paris should be attracted to them. This was done; and I recollect that Sir Clare Ford, on his return, told me that the possession of the information contained in these papers had been of invaluable service to him, and that in fact from the time he produced it hardly anything more was heard of the French claim to an "exclusive," as distinct from a joint claim, in the Newfoundland waters. But, as error is eternal, nobody need be astonished that the French negotiators returned in 1889 to the position which they had practically abandoned in 1884; and that on the 7th of December, 1888, and the 22nd of June, 1889, they should be found asserting that "Her Majesty's Government are aware that the principle of the Treaty of Utrecht was the partition of the Newfoundland coast between the English and French for purposes of fishing," and that in 1783 the English negotiators made an appeal to the "moderation" of the Court of Versailles, and obtained from it a limitation of the extent of the French shore in one direction in exchange for an equivalent extension in another, but recognised that the French fishermen had possessed an exclusive right in the past, and would possess it in the future within the altered limits.

It was in consequence of the renewal of these arguments and others of the same nature, that Lord Salisbury "thought that it would contribute to the elucidation of the subject that the several points should be examined in detail, by the light of the authentic records at the disposal of the Foreign and Colonial Office," and the results be made public. The outcome is the Memorandum already mentioned, which, in the shape of an historical review of the whole case, contains a crushing rejoinder to the French claims.

If M. Waddington had read the account of the attitude of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Vergennes, in his opening conversations with Mr. Fitzherbert, the British Plenipotentiary in 1782, as recorded in the despatches of the

latter to Lord Grantham—an account which motives of delicacy have no doubt prevented the Foreign Office from quoting—he would hardly have been inclined to think that any British negotiator would, in 1782, have troubled himself to make appeals to the moderation of the French Government at that particular time. “You treated us without pity in 1763. It is our turn now.” Such is no unfair summary of the attitude of M. de Vergennes, or at least of the Government he represented, which, believing that England was beaten down on to her knees after the surrender at York Town, proposed, under the malignant inspiration of Benjamin Franklin and Lafayette, to exact the uttermost farthing from her ancient enemy. What altered the attitude of the French Government during the subsequent negotiations were not appeals to moderation, but a change of circumstances. The victory of Lord Rodney over De Grasse; the failure of the attack on Gibraltar; and the signature of the separate peace by the Plenipotentiaries of the United States, in whose councils the views of Jay and Adams had ultimately prevailed over those of Franklin, these it was which compelled France to modify her attitude, and yield where at starting she seemed inexorable.

Lord Salisbury’s Memorandum clearly shows that the centre of the present controversy is this: Was there or was there not a partition of the Fisheries in 1783? The French Government asserts that there was; but it is, to say the least, remarkable that they do not seem to have realised that if their contention is correct, it is fatal to another of the principal points urged on their behalf, viz., that prior to 1783 they had an exclusive right; for if prior to 1783 the French right was exclusive, there was evidently no necessity to take so much trouble to get a declaration that it should be so in future. It is, indeed, almost impossible to see how the French Foreign Office can overcome the fatal admissions and confessions recorded in the Note of October the 6th, 1782, which is quoted by Lord Salisbury, and runs as follows:—

“La concurrence entre les pêcheurs Français et Anglais aiant été une source intarissable de discussions et de querelles, le Roi pense que le moyen le plus sûr de les prévenir est de séparer les pêcheries respectives: en conséquence Sa Majesté consent à se désister du droit de pêche qui lui est acquis en vertu de l’Article XIII du Traité d’Utrecht, depuis le Cap de Bona Vista jusqu’au Cap Saint-Jean, à condition que ses sujets pêcheront seuls à l’exclusion des Anglais, depuis le Cap Saint-Jean en passant par le nord et le Cap Ray,” etc.

Here is a plain statement that the exercise of fishing rights had been joint, and had been productive of certain evils; and that the best way to prevent those evils was to agree to give the French fishermen an exclusive right, in which case those evils would in future cease to exist. No suggestion of any kind appears that the *de facto* exercise of a concurrent fishery by the English fishermen was illegal; but on the contrary a practical admission that it was perfectly legal though highly inconvenient. Now what followed is remarkable. Mr. Fitzherbert had the entire confidence of his official chiefs. With one exception, no difference of views arose during the negotiations between them. The exception was the matter now under discussion. Mr. Fitzherbert wished to yield to the views of the French Government. He evidently thought the question a troublesome one; considered there were other points on which it was more important to stand out; that the question would probably affect a rather distant posterity more than the then existing generation; and that posterity would probably be able to take care of itself. But this was not the view of the Foreign Office, which in a Note of the 24th of October declined to concede the exclusive right, and so informed Mr. Fitzherbert, and also M. de Rayneval, who had been sent over to England with the draft treaty on a special mission to further the negotiations, but, as far as can be made out, did not assume an unyielding attitude on this particular point. “Great pains,” says Lord Grantham, writing to Mr. Fitzherbert

on the 23rd of November, “have been taken to avoid mistaking the fishery as exclusive, and the third article is cautiously worded for that purpose. However, it is very desirable that it should be left entirely out, and that the French should be contented with as strong assurances of not being molested as can be given in the King’s name.” (Quoted in the *Life of Lord Shelburne*, vol. iii., p. 319.) Accordingly the article in question was omitted, and the celebrated declaration, in regard to the meaning of which so much controversy has taken place, was added to the treaty. The exact wording of that declaration was the subject of some discussion between the negotiators, because Mr. Fitzherbert was inclined to yield under the declaration, so far as was possible, what had been refused in the draft article. Lord Grantham was, however, determined that it should not be liable to misconception, although fully aware that the substitution of a declaration for a formal article was in itself a vindication of the British position, as the cession of an exclusive right in British territorial waters to a foreign Power could not possibly be effectuated by anything short of the positive enactments of a treaty, forming part of the public law of nations. He consequently rejected the first draft of the declaration proposed by Rayneval, and sent another to Mr. Fitzherbert in Paris. M. de Vergennes, more unyielding than Rayneval, and possibly encouraged by the attitude of Mr. Fitzherbert, and by the change of Government in England, which in 1783 had removed Lord Grantham from the Foreign Office, returned more than once to the charge. But Mr. Fox, who succeeded Lord Grantham at the Foreign Office, took up the same position as his predecessor, and the declaration by which the English Government undertook to provide that the joint right of the French fishermen within the treaty limits should not be interfered with by the exercise of the concurrent rights of the English fishermen was agreed upon in its present shape between M. de Vergennes and the Duke of Manchester, who had replaced Mr. Fitzherbert.

These facts are clearly set out in the Foreign Office Memorandum:—

The English Government, in a Note dated the 24th October, declined to concede this exclusive right. They objected to an Article in the Preliminaries of Peace which, without actually mentioning an exclusive right of fishery, was explained as intended to establish that right, and they only agreed to the insertion of an Article in the following words:—Article V. “Les Pêcheurs Français jouiront de la pêche qui leur est assignée par l’Article précédent, comme ils ont droit d’en jouir en vertu du Traité d’Utrecht.” At the same time, however, Mr. Fitzherbert, the British Plenipotentiary, delivered to the French Government a Note in the terms of the eventual Declaration of the 3rd September, 1783, promising that His Britannic Majesty would take the most positive measures “pour prévenir que ses sujets ne troublent en aucune manière la pêche des Français pendant l’exercice temporaire qui leur est accordé sur les côtes de l’Île de Terre-Neuve.” The words “par leur concurrence” were subsequently added to this Declaration, at the instance of M. de Vergennes, in the course of the negotiations for the Definitive Treaty of Peace. On the 18th June, 1783, the British Ambassador sent home the draft of the French Counter-Declaration, which contained these words: “Quant à la pêche exclusive sur les côtes de Terre-Neuve qui a été l’objet des nouveaux arrangements dont les deux Souverains sont convenus sur cette matière elle est suffisamment exprimée par l’Article du Traité de Paix signé aujourd’hui, et par la Déclaration remise également ce jourd’hui par l’Ambassadeur et Plénipotentiaire de Sa Majesté Britannique, et Sa Majesté déclare qu’elle est pleinement satisfaite à cet égard.” The Duke of Manchester was thereupon instructed, if he could not obtain the omission of the word “exclusive,” to make another Declaration upon the French Counter-Declaration, protesting that the King of England did not mean to grant *exclusive* fishery any otherwise than by ordering his subjects not to *molest by concurrence*, etc. The Duke reported that the French Minister had been persuaded to omit the word “exclusive” in the Counter-Declaration, which would render another Declaration from the British Plenipotentiary unnecessary.

Such are the material points in the controversy, and if the Newfoundland Government are to be asked on practical grounds to approach this troublesome matter in a conciliatory spirit, and make some concession in order to settle a thorny and dangerous question, the French Government may also be fairly asked to abandon complicating the issues involved still further by incorrect references to the history of former negotiations.

EDMOND FITZMAURICE.

THE MAFIA IN SICILY.

OF all the secret societies which have had a being in Italy in recent years, the Mafia has been the worst. Its ramifications were numerous and intricate, its members belonged to every class in Sicily, its influence was felt in every operation of civil life, and by its interference in politics and its encouragement of crime, it so hampered the administration of the law, and so openly defied it, that the Government of Italy was obliged at last to combat it by the most extreme measures permissible by the Constitution. These measures were both repressive and coercive; and so peremptorily were they carried out, that at length the members of the Mafia, seeing that they could not longer stand out against them with any chance of success, either left the island voluntarily, or were forced to do so by deportation or expulsion. It was then that they for the most part migrated to the United States, where, finding in New Orleans a climate like that of their native land, they elected to stay, and immediately began to reconstruct with the remnants of their body that baleful combination of malefactors and assassins which for so many years had been the pest of Sicily, and which until a short time since was the plague of New Orleans.

Unlike the Camorra of Naples, the Mafia was not, strictly speaking, a secret society. There were no mysterious rites connected with the ceremony of introduction into the body; it had no determinate rules, no recognised head. It was, in fact, a criminal republic which despised the laws and obliged its citizens, on the severest pains and penalties, never to have recourse to them; for it maintained that a man himself could by some means or other avenge an injury of any kind soever. This belief was fostered during years of oppression under a series of Governments whose rulers so abused their power and so perverted the laws that the people combined amongst themselves not only never to seek the interference of the judiciary, but actually to oppose its administration. It is therefore plain that the Mafia first was created to render as ineffectual as possible the abuses of a bad Government, and to help the people in their struggle against the oppression and cruelty and the violence of the Governors and Viceroy's who from time to time held delegated power in Sicily.

Until the subversion of the power of the Bourbons there was, with the exception of the terrors of brigandage and assassination, some excuse for the action of the Mafia. The poorer members of it were defended in some degree from the rapacity of the minions of the Government by their wealthier associates. And although the Mafia sometimes were at enmity amongst themselves, and carried their internecine strife to great lengths, they always combined when any member was menaced by danger from outside. In the perpetual war which this body carried on against law and social order, there seems to have been a weird charm which, while urging them to perpetrate crimes of the most heinous sort amongst themselves, bound them together by the bonds of common interest. The same sentiment holds them together now, and has influenced their recent action in the United States.

As we have said, the Mafia had and has members in every class of society in Sicily—amongst the nobility and wealthier landed proprietors as well as amongst the petty farmers and the peasantry. The former are the protectors, the latter the protected. In many ways there is between the patron and the client a quality of dependent relationship similar to that which existed in the feudal times. But it must be noted, that if the client in any way offend his patron he is punished by no lenient code; for in such a case revolt or insult almost always means death for the poor Mafioso, while the more powerful ones have immunity for their offences. Even by the various Governments of Sicily up to 1877 the High Mafia has been shielded, it never having suited any Administration or Ministerial functionary to bring home to

them crimes which it was common knowledge that they were either accessories to or responsible for. So great, even, was the political influence of these that they have frequently controlled the elections, Parliamentary and municipal, not only in the small towns and minor electoral districts, but also in Messina and Palermo.

Let us explain some of the principles which are supposed to guide or direct the action of the Mafia. Their code of honour, in which is contained their moral decalogue, is called *Omertà*, an expression which may be translated into English as *manliness*. It is derived from the word *omu*, which is Sicilian for *uomo*, "a man." In this expression is contained all that actuates the Mafia. It implies obedience only to a barbarous law, which they believe invests them with self-respect, and at the same time insists that it is the first duty of a man, if he be a man, to execute justice with his own hand, and not under any circumstances to have recourse to the laws of the country to redress a wrong or to repair or avenge an injury. The basis of this law, as well as that of the organisation, was a self-reliant silence. To divulge a secret was a crime as great as it was to give evidence in a court of justice. If, however, there were in the knowledge of the judiciary important facts which inculcated certain of the Mafia, it was permissible for witnesses who were called to admit, if they could not help it, that they were cognisant of them, as long as the admission did not specifically incriminate a person. Hence the saying among them that "*La testimonianza è buona finchè non fa male al prossimo*" ("To bear witness is good as long as it does no harm to your fellow-creature"). But it must be borne in mind that such testimony was not to be the truth, lest thereby some of the Mafia should be compromised, and the "intriguers" or "spies," as the police are generally regarded by the people, put on the track of the guilty. This doctrine was inculcated in the saying that "The truth is only told in the confessional." Indeed, all the teachings of the Mafia are to be found in the apothegms of the Sicilian peasantry, to whom proverbs of this kind are held of as sacred import as the Ten Commandments or the sacraments. Of these the following are a few examples:—

"The gallows is for the poor and justice for the silly."
"He who has money and friends can sneer at the law."

This last saying we have modified in translation, for, as is common amongst the populace, the expression of contempt is grosser and therefore better appeals to their understanding. Again, we have:—

"Of that which does not concern you say neither good nor evil."
"Prison, sickness, and misfortune prove the heart of friends."
"Deprive him of life who takes from you the means of living."
"An influential friend is of more value than a hundred ounces (£53) in the pocket."

These might be multiplied to a considerable extent; for in them are contained not only the germs of faith, but the whole religion of these criminals whose organisation had undermined the religion of Christianity and become a dangerous opponent to the recognised ethics of civilisation. These apothegms contain occult doctrines which have so insinuated themselves into the minds of the people that they cherish them more than they do the teachings of their priesthood, who have been always obliged to subserve the charitable counsels of the Church to the superstitious tenets of this uncontrollable sect.

The means which the Mafia adopted to carry out their nefarious designs were deceit and intimidation. These never failed to attain their ends, for the examples which the Mafiosi made of the recalcitrant were so terrible that the people preferred to suffer from their oppression and contribute to their maintenance and preservation rather than risk their lives in opposing a body which proved itself too strong for the hand of the law prior to 1877. In that year it was felt that the time had come when the Italian Government should assert its authority and suppress

this gang of miscreants, who were making Italy appear contemptible in the eyes of Europe, and justifying the assertion of her enemies that she was unfit to keep her own house in order. Then it was that she, following the method she adopted in destroying the power of the Camorra, drove every suspected member of the Mafia out of Sicily, to the great joy of many who for one cause or another had affected to be in sympathy with it, while secretly they were combining with the law to accomplish its suppression.

THE NEW JEWISH QUESTION.

THERE has always been a fascination in the dream that the Jews would one day return to the cradle of their race; and if political and economic conditions could only be translated into poetic justice, there might be some hope of seeing the lion of Judah rampant in Jerusalem. Throughout the civilised world the Jews have adapted themselves with marvellous flexibility to local conditions, and hitherto they have clung tenaciously to their homes even where Christian orthodoxy has been most inclement. But the long persecution to which they have been subjected in Russia has reached a crisis which makes exile imperative. Some time ago it was announced that certain edicts which had lain in abeyance were to be enforced against the Russian Jews, and official denials, as usual, merely signified the postponement of official action. There is no longer any concealment of the Czar's holy purpose. The animus of this persecution is religious, though we shall be assured by Madame Novikoff that the Russian Government is forced to take these measures for the protection of the peasantry from the greed of the money-lender. This kind of apology comes with a curious grace from the representative of a bureaucracy which is the most corrupt in Europe. The Jewish usurer may press hardly enough on the Russian peasant, but he has a capable rival in the local administrator. It is not on the money-lender that the decrees against the Jews fall most severely. The poorest class of artisans are forced to abandon their employment, and betake themselves to places where there is no prospect save pauperism. It is manifest that the Czar is actuated in this policy by a bigoted zeal for his faith, which has been intensified by the protests from Western Europe. To a pious autocrat who is about as much in touch with the spirit of tolerance as Philip II. in the days of the Spanish Fury, there must have been something peculiarly obnoxious in the well-meant remonstrance from the Guildhall, which has had no effect save that of making the persecuting rigour more acute. Moreover, if Alexander III. had sufficient intelligence to appreciate irony, he might say, "These excellent citizens of London object to my treatment of the Jews. But as England is the asylum for refugees, such a philanthropic people ought to be obliged to me for giving them an opportunity for the exercise of their characteristic benevolence. I am sending them as many pauper Jews as I can. If they love these interesting outcasts so much, they should be delighted to befriend them!"

It is clear that a crisis has come in Jewish history which calls for a notable display of public spirit. Driven out of Russia in increasing numbers, the Jews cannot always count on the hospitality of other countries. Here the native strain on our labour market is sufficiently severe without any external aggravation. Organisation is the only hope of industry, and it is impossible for the most impoverished class of workers in the East End of London to combine effectually while they have to cope with the competition of the foreign pauper. Even Mr. Giffen's statistics show that there has been a considerable increase in this kind of immigration, and it is doubtful whether the returns of immigrants

which the captains of vessels coming into the port of London are supposed to make, and on which Mr. Giffen's calculations are based, are in every sense exact. But it is to the Jewish community that this question now makes a special appeal. The wealthy Jews of this country can scarcely maintain that they have done everything in their power for their oppressed co-religionists. They may subscribe to the charitable agencies which relieve the immediate necessities of the pauper Jew when he lands on these shores, and which in some cases provide him with an outfit and pay his passage to America. But this meagre philanthropy is wholly unworthy of such a cause. The Jews are face to face with a great political and social problem. It is no longer a question of fitful alms-giving, of the donation which is forgotten as soon as it is paid. The suppliants are not the victims of ordinary poverty. They are fugitives from the most powerful and relentless enemy of their race. They have been treated with the savagery of a barbarian who depopulates a conquered country. It behoves every English Jew to reflect that the Russian Government is waging war, in a peculiarly brutal form, on millions who profess his faith—war which aims at extermination or expulsion. What should be the attitude of a high-spirited people in such an emergency? It is impossible to retaliate by force of arms. The Jew of to-day is not a warrior—but he wields a power which is greater than Joshua's. He holds the purse-strings of Europe, and were he to tighten them, the mightiest armaments might crumble away. Is he to say to the Czar, with bated breath and whispered humbleness:—"Fair sir, you have tortured and exiled many of your Jewish subjects. You have restored the worst excesses of persecution. You are making a religious war on the Jews with a bigotry worthy of the Middle Ages. For these courtesies to my race I lend you so much moneys"? Such a satire would be incredible, if it were not strictly true. Some of the great Jewish houses have not hesitated to lend the Czar many millions without the smallest stipulation for the better treatment of the Jews in his dominions. It is said that the English branch of one house views the transaction with some sense of humiliation. And it should be humiliating indeed to an English Jew to think that he is profiting by a loan to the oppressor of his people, and that while he is subscribing small sums for the relief of Jewish refugees with one hand, he is filling the coffers of their persecutor with the other.

It is some sign of grace that one of the wealthiest Jews in Europe has conceived a great scheme for the establishment of a Jewish colony. To talk of Baron de Hirsch as a new Moses savours somewhat of burlesque; but though not Moses, he may be Sidonia, with a little more initiative of humanity than distinguished that rhetorical personage. Baron de Hirsch is at least prepared to spend his millions on a worthy object, and that cannot be said of the Hebrew financiers who lend their millions to the Czar and sacrifice their religion and their brethren for the sake of a gigantic interest. If this colonising project is carried out it will be a material advantage to the organisers of English labour, for the Russian Jews, instead of coming to London, will be shipped direct from Odessa to a new world. How far the resources of the country chosen for this experiment will adapt themselves to such a scheme is a point which cannot yet be determined. But the English Jews may fairly consider whether it is not incumbent upon them to enter into wholesome rivalry with Baron de Hirsch for the credit of conferring really practical benefits on their race. They have powerful organs of opinion in this country. The Chief Rabbi may reasonably be invited to pronounce a judgment on such a remarkable development of Jewish enterprise. He may see the propriety of urging some of the most distinguished ornaments of the synagogue to be less subservient to St. Petersburg. It must not be forgotten that if Baron de

Hirsch's project is successful, the Russian Government will be only too happy to supply colonists by fresh measures of expatriation. And if the instinct of self-respect is not quite deadened by the Stock Exchange, the Jews may be stirred to form a financial league against Russia, a species of coercion which would chasten the orthodoxy of the Czar, and convince him that humanity has one irresistible weapon.

IN DEFENCE OF THREE VOLUMES.

IN the Paris *Salon*, year by year, you will find a number of pictures of huge dimensions—battle-pieces, crowded historical scenes and the like—and probably wonder why they were painted. Turning the leaves of your catalogue you find, in nine cases out of ten, that the artist is some wholly obscure person—a discovery for which the inadequacy of his work, the small ratio of execution to ambition, has prepared you. The catalogue does not say that he is under twenty years of age and has pawned his last shirt but one to purchase this enormous canvas—though that is often the case: but you may suspect it and ask yourself who on earth is likely to buy such a picture. It will not go into a private house: its subject unsuits it for a church: and the municipal premises of provincial towns have seldom space enough between their windows to contain it. On the whole you guess that the canvas will return to the artist, who will cut it into three and wisely exhibit, next year, as many pictures of saleable size.

Our own artists start with less pluck or, let us say (so many being Scotsmen), with more prudence. Canvases that, better employed, would sail a thirty-ton cutter are never seen on the walls of a London gallery. And a like circumspection guides the literary beginner. He used to arrive in town with a couple of guineas and a five-act tragedy. Nowadays he comes lightly equipped with a magazine story or a copy of verses, and inserting a toe between the door and the lintel of the Temple of Fame, works his way inside. He has read the literary reviews and finds the critics declaring, again and again, that such and such a book would have been all the better if written in one volume instead of three; that such another is "obviously expanded to meet the requirements of Mr. Mudie"; that "it is positively refreshing" to pick up a third and read a good story from cover to cover in the hour before dinner. He has heard that "the three-volume novel is doomed," and concludes that the long story also has had its day.

Now this fashion of railing at big books strikes us as deplorable. It is the price, not the length, of the three-volume novel that wise men wish to see curtailed—the ridiculous and artificial thirty-one-and-sixpence. No doubt "the requirements of Mr. Mudie" overshadow the spirits of many reviewers; but, all the same, it is well to stick to a high standard in the matter of length. Let it be remembered that all the best books have been too long—poems, histories, biographies, novels. The *Iliad* is too long; so is "Paradise Lost"; so are the histories, from Herodotus to Froude. Boswell and Lockhart make us yawn at times. The finest orators and composers have made their hearers ache upon the benches. Æschylus purified his audience by slow tragedies under a blazing sun and to see *As You Like It* you must rush from an early dinner and sit in the theatre till midnight. As for the novels, one has only to pick half a dozen titles at haphazard—"Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Clarissa," "Pickwick," "The Newcomes," "Les Misérables," "Middlemarch," "La Guerre et la Paix." All the books we have mentioned prove that the power of a writer may be sustained further than the reader can sustain his attention. And in such cases it is mere perversity to say that the author bores, when in fact it is the reader who becomes dull.

The mistake made by reviewers is natural enough. They have to read books quickly, and therefore assume that a book should be capable of being read at a sitting. Yet they are not equally unjust to all forms of literature. Were Gibbon writing to-day, they would probably forbear to hurry him up, as they forbear to hurry up Mr. Freeman,—perhaps because they want time themselves to furbish up their critical armour in Bodley or the British Museum. At any rate they allow historians to expatiate and give biographers a fairly long tether. But when it comes to fiction, in verse or in prose, it is another matter altogether. To write at great length is to be cursed.

This attitude of our reviewers towards prose fiction (we say nothing of verse in this place) is a very unhappy one. For, if we examine, the method of a good novelist is just the same as that of a good historian or biographer. All three have to heighten or lower their tones, emphasise one figure, subdue another, and compose for effect: and all three work with similar materials. To paint Samuel Johnson and his surroundings you must employ the same artifices as to paint Harry Esmond and his surroundings. That the one really lived on this earth, and the other did not, makes no difference. You have to make both of them live on paper, and convince your reader that Esmond is just as real a man as Johnson. The battle of Austerlitz, in "La Guerre et la Paix" has to produce exactly the same illusion as the Relief of Londonderry in Macaulay's History. And, this being so, we do not see why the novelist is required to paint on a much smaller canvas, or to avoid details which the historian may elaborate. There is a belief, at present fashionable, that "the *Story* is the thing." Messrs. Besant and Stevenson, experts in fiction, advise the young writer to have his eye always on "the story," and carefully refrain from writing a line that does not help the story's progress. But surely this may be carried a great deal too far. Opinions may differ, of course, as to what precisely constitutes a "story": but taking the word in the sense in which these advisers seem to use it, we should have to prune Thackeray down to one-fifth of his present size and leave of such a story as "The House with the Seven Gables" about as much as would fill three columns of this paper.

What a novel, no less than a history or biography, aims at producing, is a picture of life. Now to have life you must have atmosphere: and atmosphere is just what the big novels give. In many ways "Middlemarch" may be counted a failure when compared with the "Scenes of Clerical Life": but it gives an impression of a wide world inhabited by breathing men and women, and the "Scenes" do not. It is this atmosphere that makes "Daniel Deronda" a noble work in spite of its weariness. "Clarissa Harlowe" is generally supposed to be slightly dull, and so it is: but for that very reason it is not a bad book to live with for some time, or to meet again after a few years. It does not hurry you from emotion to emotion or wear out your taste by climax towering over climax. You can walk about in its pages, make leisurely acquaintance with several interesting people, and at the end of your journey come in cool. The reader nowadays desires to be hurried into "a muck of sweat," which is healthy enough in its way: but let us have something besides gymnastics.

Indeed, to strain after the points of a story is as wrong as to strain after phrases. We want our climax, and we want our memorable phrase: but the landscape must possess something more than cliffs and cascades to be thoroughly beautiful. Even meadows and every-day figures lend it an agreeable air, and a dull acre or two, here and there, may do very well. It is this restless eagerness for a pretty sentence or a neat point that makes us fear for Mr. R. L. Stevenson, delightful writer as he is. We cannot tell how it will fare with him in a big book, and a big book is the real test of a genius. Mr. Kipling, too, strikes us as too impatient of a level page.

The Greeks wrote history on the true lines of fiction. Thucydides and Xenophon worked up their effects as painfully as Flaubert himself, but they did not omit the smaller skirmishes of a war or the number of parasangs that an army marched in a day. Defoe's "History of the Plague" is just as precise, and so must be every work that seeks to leave an impression of veracity. But this precision and this appearance of honesty is just what we discourage by persistently demanding works in one volume.

HOW TO CRUSH THE CRITICS.

MYSELF a novelist whom the critics have annoyed a good deal, I was interested to read lately Mr. Besant's suggestion that authors "should prohibit altogether the presentation of their books for review to papers whose criticisms are inadequate, ignorant, or unjust. And this simple measure of self-defence is one which some of us mean to bear in mind and to practise." This, I admit, delighted me, and I was on the point of writing to my publisher, when I walked a critic, with the disquieting boast that he would review me, though he had to steal or to borrow or even to buy me. This set me thinking whether some more subtle method of destroying our natural enemies could not be discovered, and I think I have got it.

My method is—new plots. But all the plots have been used up, reply such of my readers as are American novelists. Equally at sea will be the English novelists who think I am suggesting new plots in order to interest the critic. As I mean to show immediately, there are hundreds of plots that have never been used, but I advocate them, not for interesting the critic, *but to diddle him*. Give me one of these new plots, says Mr. Howells with the incredulous smile that we all love; and I reply, Certainly—here are half a dozen. Here is No. 1: A bachelor of thirty years of age, a confirmed woman-hater, advertises for an amanuensis. "R. Whitney" answers, with satisfactory testimonials. R. Whitney is engaged. R. Whitney arrives at the bachelor's office, and, behold, to our hero's consternation, R. Whitney is a young lady. Pooh! cry the readers whose sympathy I want to enlist in my scheme, that has been done a score of times: your plot is as old as the first amanuensis. My good novelists, I answer, what is my plot? Why, they reply, of course he falls in love with her. There is my triumph. On the contrary, I tell them, he does not fall in love with her. That is where the novelty comes in. In fiction it is an absolutely fresh idea, though in real life it has happened more than once. Original Plot No. 2: Dolly is a charming girl of eighteen summers, and she is fancy free. She has a lover, Sir Reginald Carle, aged fifty-six, and it is the desire of her parents that she should marry him. She sacrifices herself thoughtlessly, and has begun to respect her elderly husband, when Jack Tyrwhitt, his nephew, of the Dashing Ninety-Ninth, arrives on sick-leave from India. Dolly has to nurse him. From the moment they meet, both feel— Here again we get our startling situation. Each feels that the other is an amicable but uninteresting person, and their views on this subject remain unchanged up to the end of the story. Novelty No. 3: In the middle of the second volume the hero is flung over the cliffs by hired ruffians, *and he is really done for*. Novelty No. 4: You begin by allowing that your heroine is an Ibsenite, and then make her a Molly Bawn. Novelty No. 5 (recommended to Mr. Clark Russell): He is a mate on board an outward-bound vessel, and she is a strangely interesting girl with a wealth of golden hair. But nobody mutinies, and they arrive at their destination up to time, when the mate's wife meets him on the pier. Sixth Novelty: A sad title, like "The Light of His Life Gone Out," and a happy ending.

I have now shown that all the stories are by no means told as yet. What remains is to prove that the new plots will expose the critic in his true colour, which is black. Let it not be thought that in giving him something novel to read I hope to induce him to read it, and thus to make him less ignorant, less inadequate, and less unjust. On the contrary, I don't expect him to read; I know the man (if man he can be called) too well. Is he not always saying, "We seemed to know the whole of this sorry story before we had finished the first chapter. Here are the old figures: the plebeian purse-proud father, the sweet and rather silly daughter, the young man with the moustache and no visible means of sustenance. Mr. Anon presents the puppets that are the stock-in-trade of every third-rate novelist, and, as if that were not enough, he works these with the familiar strings." Or the critic goes on in this bumptious way: "Really, Mr. Anon ought to have provided a table of contents, when we should have had the pleasure (a genuine one) of reviewing his tedious story without knowing more of it than the headings of the chapters. These would be of this familiar kind, 'A Happy Home,' 'The Shadow on the Hearth,' 'Backing a Bill,' 'The Dishonoured Bill,' 'Flight—but Whither?' 'Milly is Left Alone,' and so on. Surely out of these warning signals any critic of experience could construct Mr. Anon's dreary and long-winded narrative." I used to loathe the critics who wrote in this style, but now that I have prepared a net for them I love them as the sportsman loves a bird that he has brought down with a long shot. Of course, this is my net. No critics read the books they review (don't interrupt me). They only glance through the first volume. As soon as they come to the lady amanuensis, they "know the rest," shut the book, and write their criticism. Then we write a dignified letter to the editor of the journal in which the notice appears, and we tell him that our amanuensis and her employer did not fall in love. Or the critic says: "Mr. Anon might have saved himself the trouble of pretending to kill his hero in the second volume. Does he really think we believe any hero dies before the end of volume three?" We prove to the editor that our hero did die in volume two. So with the other plots. Result, several critics are dismissed and die of starvation beneath bridges. Surely in that there would be some gain.

But, it will be pointed out, the critics would take fright, and read all the novels from beginning to end. Precisely, and that will be our sweetest revenge of all. We have them, whatever they do.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE critic should go to the Academy with his mind furnished with such exact remembrance of the old masters that he is able to pick out at a glance the pictures which approach within measurable distance of those that time has sanctioned. No other standard of criticism is really valid. But, unfortunately, the painting of this end of the nineteenth century is lamentably inferior to that done in the eighteenth century; and, in spite of ourselves, we are forced to compare Brown with Jones, and supply the not very interesting information that Smith's picture is worse or better than the picture he exhibited last year.

However, it is pleasant to think that these reflections were inspired not by the badness but by the excellence of the year's show; and although comparisons with Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney have still to be eschewed, it is only just to admit that there are some few pictures in this year's Academy that would pass muster in a collection of eighteenth-century work. Another matter which I am moved to note before I proceed in my examination is the resurrection of Sir John Millais, who apparently came to the conclusion that even his

reputation could not stand the racket of such criticism as he received last year; and he sends two pictures in his best manner; and none of his paintings suggests the reproof that greeted his portrait of Mr. Gladstone and the absurdly inadequate work that he sent to the Grosvenor. I will now transcribe my notes.

No. 82, a portrait by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.—a man of middle age, partly bald, seated in a red arm-chair; he is dressed in yellow clothes; one hand is in his pocket, the other rests on his knee; there is a newspaper on his knee; he holds an eyeglass between forefinger and thumb. The treatment of the yellow clothes is large and ample; the brown shadows are harmonious and well arranged; the painter has said what he wanted to say, and he has said it well. There is a totality about this work; there is a marked and vigorous style; everything is as the painter wished it; and yet, judged by the highest standard, the picture is deficient in many essential qualities. It is deficient in suppleness; the drawing is too apparent; and, although admirable in expression, the face is hard, angular, geometrical. Still we must admire the beauty of the *ensemble*, the composition of the palette, and the rare eloquence with which the text is delivered. No. 77 is a large picture, entitled "On Strike." It is by Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A. The foreground is occupied by a life-size figure of a British workman; his wife stands a little behind him, his children weep within the doorway. True that the Dutchmen painted the coarsest boors, but they secured for scenes of everyday life that element of charm and mystery essential in a work of art by aerial perspective and chiaroscuro. Without atmospheric effect their pictures would sometimes have been almost as intolerable as Mr. Herkomer's, and his is a very ugly theatrical poster. No. 49, "Badminton in the Studio," by Robert W. Macbeth, A.—a young girl in a sage-green dress half sitting on an eighteenth century table; behind her, on the right, a white screen; behind her, on the left, a round mirror, similar in shape to the mirror in the celebrated picture by Van Eyck in the National Gallery, only not quite so well painted. The young lady wears a red shoe, and the sofa under the mirror is lower in tone than the shoe. The silhouette is interesting; and though there is hollowness within, and though the colour is somewhat loud, the picture is a pretty one. No. 115, "The Crisis," by Frank Dicksee, A. Mr. Dicksee understands a picture as something not very different from a scene in a theatre. The wife dies very pathetically amid the white pillows, the husband gazes at her in earnest hope and fear; and I have no doubt that the picture will provoke in beholders much the same sentiment and curiosity as is experienced in the dress circle at the Adelphi. As a painting it is uninteresting and feeble in the extreme. By some curious chance, perhaps the best picture in the Academy, from a painter's point of view (alas! Mr. Dicksee's picture proves that there is another), is No. 110, "African Panthers," by Mr. John M. Swan. It would be easy to write columns about this picture, so wholly admirable is it in colour and design, so full is it of all that mysterious fascination which is the recognisable sign of the masterpiece. How beautifully the animals crouch and draw themselves over the grey rock! And how felicitous their colour and movement when taken in contrast with that lovely blue which makes the rest of the picture! Hardly is it flecked with white—the day just seen through. And how that sky moves you, how it lifts you, how it enchants you! and how well the animals enter into the picture—how the atmosphere clothes and sustains them! It is personal without being mannered. Perhaps the serpent-like movement of the animals is exaggerated—that blue we have seen before—but there is no such emphasised mannerism as we find in Mr. Orchardson. We recognise this work as being by Mr. Swan without shock, as we recognise a friend up the street—that is all. This is one of the few

modern pictures which I believe would hold its own in a collection of old masters.

No. 147, "Perseus and Andromeda," by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. The composition of this picture is conceived somewhat after the style of Mantegna, but it is painted in that manner which Sir Frederick has made his very own. No. 143, "Portrait of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.," by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. The face is like a tiny sheet of cream-laid notepaper. Indeed, the portrait reminds me, in more ways than one, of those pretty little notes which widows are said to write when they invite a very special young man to dinner. No. 188, "Portrait," by Mr. F. Goodall, R.A. Mr. Goodall has painted Mrs. Charles Kettlewell in a sort of Greek gown, and she stands on a marble stair. I hasten to add that the background is blue, and that an orange tree, covered with fruit, rises above the stairway; but I cannot trust myself to speak further about this picture. No. 199, "The Doctor." This picture is by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A. There is a lamp in the picture, and I wonder how often, between this and the beginning of August, it will be remarked that the light falls most naturally on the doctor's face. The doctor watches the dying child, and a couple of melodramatic parents stand in the background. This picture is calculated to awaken every sentiment except the sentiment of what is beautiful in art. It is an Adelphi melodrama, only more so, and it holds the same place in art as the melodrama does in literature.

No. 205 is a portrait of an old lady, by Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. I do not like this nearly so well as the portrait of the man in the first room. The lady sits meditatively enough in her black dress, her hands crossed over her lap; the usual harmony in yellow and red is relied on to pull the picture through. But the face is hollow, and the background is vacant. No. 282, "Return of Persephone." Of all Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures painted of late years I like this the best. The figure of Demeter on the cliff's edge is well conceived, her gesture is large and ample, and she shows aloft in fine silhouette upon a decorative sky. Truly, this is not the art which is most natural for me to admire, but I recognise in it the dignity of great knowledge and much noble aspiration, and very different indeed it is from the claptrap of Mr. Luke Fildes. Close to this picture is Sir John Millais' charming portrait of a beautiful English girl. This picture is so good that, looking at it, one thinks of the great days, nearly twenty years ago, when he painted the three Miss Armstrongs. Sir John is particularly happy when dealing with a grey note, and he was never more so than while painting this girl in her plain grey dress upon a background tinged with gold. The face arrests the attention by the intense light which enfolds and permeates the carnation tints. It is just such work as comes right from the first: it is modelled with extreme ease; nowhere does the hand seem to have hesitated. *Toutes mes félicitations, Sir John.*

Mr. Orchardson must have been especially busy this year. Besides many portraits, he sends another lovers' quarrel. This time he calls the picture "An Enigma." It is an enigma to me why a man of such first-rate ability will condescend to attract popular attention by pictorial story-telling. But as I write my attention is caught with the exquisite painting of a small table, covered with a mauve cloth, which stands half-way up in this picture. The alcove, too, is a beautiful note, extremely true both in colour and value; the red curtains go well with the mauve table-cloth; the value of the shadow that hangs about the red curtain is true, and from it the eye passes in pleasure to the white wall where the lovers sit; all the transitions on the left are skilful; but is not the white marble chimney-piece on the right a little loud? and does it come into the picture? No. 304 is Sir John Millais' three-thousand-pound landscape. It is good, but a Gainsborough or a

Turner may be had for three thousand pounds. It is intense in drawing and in colour, but it is painted everywhere in clear tints, and the consequence is that no object has any weight; no bunch of trees, no mass of cloud, carries away the landscape. It seems to be wanting in that enfolding charm which we find in the great masters. No. 430 is another portrait by Mr. Orchardson, his largest canvas, and perhaps his best. The same means are employed, but they are used with less reserve, for, apparently, the intention of the painter was to put his method to the test.

An elderly man sits in a red-and-gold chair; on his left is a red-painted table covered with papers. The trousers are grey-green, and the room is wainscotted in red. The wall is a yellow-grey, and upon it is the lower part of an engraving in a yellow bamboo frame. Therefore the composition of the palette is the same as usual, only the well-known harmonies have to fill a wider space. Do they render the wider space interesting? I think they do. Does the interest languish anywhere? I do not think it does. The man's feet, the waste-paper basket, the green vase on the table—all is in its place. The ordinance of the picture is perfectly successful. The man is of his class; his habitual thoughts are upon his face. Look at his stomach! how exact he is in width, and how well he sits in his chair! It seems impossible to praise a picture more, and yet I know that something is wanting. To-morrow I may be able, but to-day I cannot say what is wanting.

No. 530 is a charming portrait by Mr. Arthur Hacket. It is individual without being eccentric. A young woman stands leaning on a French table, and the table and the bottom of her dress are brought together with much skill, while the upper part of the body is enveloped in tender light. No. 544, the portrait of a Spanish dancer, by Mr. John Sargent, is an extraordinary piece of work. The woman wears a bright cadmium yellow dress, full of gold tones. It is covered with gauze and spangles, and with wonderful ease and grace they are painted—with the ease and elegance of a man certain of himself. With perfect certainty the stiff skirt is drawn, and she stands, her black, sensual, southern eyes looking down, her lips, red and luscious as a ripe pomegranate, apart, for the thought of a kiss is stirring in her. The brightness of the yellow is extraordinary, and no repetition or echo is sought in the background. It will be said that in this picture Mr. Sargent has sought an imitation of Velasquez. Nothing can be more untrue—the method is the very opposite; Velasquez reduced the palette to three tints, here no attempt is made to reproduce nature in a moment of intense credulity. The rose and the yellow tones shine and are reflected, the gauze is light, the spangles glitter, and all that without minutiae; truly an art that knows how to be precise without being complicated. The black hair is, however, sullen; so are the black eyes and eyebrows; the blacks have been badly observed, and they are the worst part of the picture. On looking again I see that the colour has sunk in. As I turn away I ask myself if the picture is a work of art or merely an acrobatic performance, very marvellous, but, after all, only an acrobatic performance.

But I have come to the end of my space and must hasten. Many another picture I have in my notes; they will make the subject of another article. To bring this one to a close I will speak of a small picture I caught sight of just as I was leaving, No. 1072, a charming little picture in blue and gold. The silhouette of the quays is lost in the gathering night, but the drawing is preserved, and through the vague blueness lights are springing and wandering upon the water. But what make the picture are the hulls of two great vessels looming up out of clear water full of ripple, of moonlight, and the mystery of the rigging. The liquid transparency of the hour between day and night is charmingly rendered.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

PEOPLE speak too glibly of the illusions of the theatre. It is really the great home of disillusion. A certain play was produced a year or two before you were born, and, therefore, in that particular epoch of the world's history which must always have for you a peculiar fascination. That the world should have got on so well without you just then provokes in you a justifiable resentment. To be sure, the world existed even before the year or two in question. But that was a long time ago—so long that you can disengage your own personality, and regard the matter coldly, as a mere row of figures with ever so many noughts in a scientific encyclopædia. It is the spectacle of the great mundane movement remorselessly going on so close upon your advent which hurts you. That, you feel, as M. Prudhomme felt about the immensity of the ocean, *frise l'impertinence*. To the plays and the players of that particular epoch you can never be indifferent. The thought that the great So-and-so should have chosen to create his famous part of Thingamy just then is galling. He might have waited till you came. But he did not—so you cannot choose but admire him as splendidly audacious. You think more of So-and-so than of Kean or Betterton, and you haunt the slums for little penny plain and twopence coloured sketches of Thingamy. The years pass, and one day the sight of a theatrical announcement sets your pulse leaping. Thingamy is to be revived—not by So-and-so, for So-and-so is dead and worms have eaten him, but by Whatshisname, who is very much alive and flamboyant on all the posters. You go to see Whatshisname in Thingamy—and you come away disillusioned. You have discovered that there are plays, especially plays dating from that strange, impertinent period immediately preceding your birth, which it is better to read about than to see. You turn sadly to your Ecclesiasticus. "Whoso regardeth dreams is like him that catcheth at a shadow, and followeth after the wind."

These many years have I been dreaming about *Belphegor*. A whole literature of panegyric has grown up around the play and its famous players. When the French original, *Paillasse*, by MM. Dennery and Fournier, was produced at the Gaité in 1850, Théophile Gautier and Jules Janin went into ecstasies over the playing of its mountebank-hero by Frédéric Lemaître. The profound impression created by Charles Dillon's *Belphegor* at the Lyceum in 1856 is attested by critics so trustworthy as Dr. Westland Marston and Professor Henry Morley. One of the liveliest pages in Mr. Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography relates how Fechter played the part—off the stage, a mere *impromptu* affair—to two of his fellow actors, and moved them to tears. All this had set me dreaming. There were trailing clouds of glory about my fancied *Belphegor*.

More than that, there seemed to be a real philosophic import in the play. It corresponded to two successive mental states in the unsophisticated playgoer. A child at the play thinks (at least I know one who did think—about the diabolically wise child of to-day I do not venture to speak) that the clown is always a clown, wears his motley and cuts his capers in private life. A year or two later, and the young playgoer becomes aware of the difference between the clown and the man; the contrast between the professional grin and the possibly aching heart interests him. To one of these stages of intelligence *Belphegor* appeals in the character of Flip-Flap, the clown who never ceases from clowning, who balances on his nose the plates which are intended for his own dinner. Flip-Flap is the child's hero. To the other stage the play appeals in the character of *Belphegor*, the mountebank who has to ply his jokes while his heart is breaking by the desertion of his wife and the starvation of his children. *Belphegor* is the youth's hero. Here was a play to dream about!

But Mr. Wilson Barrett has robbed me of my dream. He has revived the play, re-written it, and re-named it (quite wrongly, for Paillasse, so called from his suit of blue-and-white check—like the cover of a mattress—was the *pitre*, the Mr. Merryman, of the show) *The Acrobat*. Can this be the piece which delighted Gautier and Janin and our fathers that begat us—this absurd farrago of bombast and pathos? For me there is not one laugh in it, nor one tear. Whose is the fault? Mine, or the Zeit-Geist's, or Mr. Wilson Barrett's? A little, perhaps, the fault of all three. Anyhow, my dream has gone: not poppy, nor mandragora, shall restore it to me; nor Mr. Barrett's masked ball, with its lime-lit Watteau ballet; nor Miss Winifred Emery's "palely loitering" Madeline; nor the lurid villany of Mr. Cooper Cliffe's Lavarennnes, "assuming the name of the Chevalier de Rollac."

In 1856 the part now called Flip-Flap was played by a rising young comedian named J. L. Toole. Mr. Toole, risen these many years past, is still as young as ever. After a triumphal progress through the Australian colonies, whence he brings back a stock of new anecdotes and a collection of curiosities (on show at the box-office in King William Street), he has re-opened with H. J. Byron's comedy, *The Upper Crust*. I confess, I had rather he had left this piece behind him. It would seem to be exactly the sort of thing for the (presumably unchastened) tastes of the black-fellow, the kangaroo, and the ornithorhynchus. But playgoers will not trouble themselves overmuch about Mr. Toole's repertory now that they have him, buoyant and vigorous, back once more in their midst. Here, at any rate, is one dream of my youth from which there has been no rude awakening.

Olivia is quite the happiest of the recent series of revivals at the Lyceum. Mr. Irving's peculiar talent for what in the vocabulary of the French Theatre is called "composing a character"—adding minute touch upon touch with the loving care of a pre-Raphaelite painter; every gesture, every expression of the features, every intonation of the voice, patiently thought out and executed with taste and tact—was never better shown than in his impersonation of Dr. Primrose. The blending of childlike simplicity and patriarchal dignity, the constant struggle between the old man's exceeding great love for his daughter and his sense of strict duty, his little acts of passing hastiness, his deep and abiding resignation, all these bring to mind that phrase, so dear to Matthew Arnold, "the ancient and inbred piety, integrity, and good-humour of the English people." Nothing, indeed—arrogant as the statement may seem—could be more English than this character. Types of amiable priests abound in literature and on the stage; there are the delightful village curés of M. Ferdinand Fabre; there is the Abbé Constantin of M. Ludovic Halévy; there is the *Village Priest* of Mr. Sydney Grundy; there is (if one may risk an allusion to the unspeakable subject) that "great baby" Pastor Manders in *Ghosts*. They all have their several points, but none of them is the least like Mr. Irving's Dr. Primrose. I say Mr. Irving's advisedly, for, if Goldsmith and Mr. W. G. Wills have between them supplied the material for the character, it is to the actor's skill that we owe the finished article. The scene, for instance, wherein the father's natural affection gets the better of him, and he breaks down in the attempt to reprove his child, is nothing, or next to nothing, on paper; what it is in fact—and it is something inexpressibly sweet and touching—it is through the art of the actor alone. Of the exquisite grace of Miss Ellen Terry's Olivia, and of the *hubris* (I can really think of no other word for it than that by which the Greeks denoted the triumphant insolence of handsome youth) of Mr. Terriss's Squire Thornhill, there is now no need to speak. Mr. Macklin is every inch Mr. Burchell, an eighteenth-century John Bull of the better sort. The whole performance is, indeed, an excellent one in every detail.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE general opinion in France is that "GYP," in "Un Raté" (CALMANN LÉVY), has not succeeded—not quite, at any rate. She reminds M. AUGUSTIN FILON of a *guerilla* chief who, after having been brilliantly successful in fifty skirmishes, attempts a pitched battle, which proves indecisive. Like RUDYARD KIPLING, "GYP" has failed to produce a great novel; but it is not proved in the case of either that the great novel will not be forthcoming.

FRENCH novelists have never been very successful in the invention of names for their English characters; "Tom-Jim-James" and "Gwynplane" will be in the memory of all. Nor do they become more verisimilar when they attempt Irish cognomens. "O'Kent," the name of a Land Leaguer in M. MARCEL PREVOST's "La Confession d'un Amant" (LEMERRE), although it may be an actual name, has not the true flavour. M. PREVOST's new work, on account of its style, and the freshness of the thought and sentiment, is one of the most interesting books of the season. The story is, however, disappointing. The hero, after two love affairs, crosses the Channel to help in the "emancipation of Ireland"—surely a needless step. In a preface, addressed to M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the author states that his aim has been to show his readers what *not* to do. As the theory underlying "La Confession d'un Amant" is that love is not a union of two souls, but must, perforce, be a fight, we do not think the lesson taught is likely to be taken much to heart by ordinarily constituted people either here or in France.

As all who are interested now know, the European edition of *Harper's Magazine*, hitherto published by MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co., will, after May, be issued by MESSRS. JAMES R. OSGOOD, McILVAINE & Co., of Albemarle Street. These publishers are about to introduce to us some American authors, whose names we may know from magazines, but who are yet unrepresented in book form on this side the Atlantic. Foremost among the new writers is MR. EUGENE FIELD, with his "Little Book of Profitable Tales" and "Little Book of Western Verse," published this week. MR. FIELD came from the remote West to New York eight years ago. Since that time the growth of his powers has been continuous and rapid. His capacity for work is said to be prodigious; and he is described as being "tall, slender, boyish, blonde, and aggressive."

MESSRS. OSGOOD & McILVAINE are also going to enlarge our acquaintance with the remarkable work of MISS MARY E. WILKINS; and they have in the press three novels and one volume of stories by other American authors. Their "Red Letter Series" is to contain works by Continental authors, translations of which have not yet appeared in this country, and works by American authors. Among the latter will be "Balaam: and other Stories," by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ("Uncle Remus"); and "Gallagher: and other Stories," by RICHARD H. DAVIS. MR. DAVIS, who is a new writer, has won a wide popularity in America, and is said to be a "strong individuality in the field of fiction." MESSRS. OSGOOD & McILVAINE will of course publish English works. They have already brought out "Intentions: Essays and Dialogues," by OSCAR WILDE; and they announce "A Group of Noble Dames," a volume of stories by THOMAS HARDY.

OF MR. MURRAY's forthcoming works, which include books of travel, histories, poems, and biographies, none will be likely to receive a warmer

welcome from the general public than the new series of "University Extension Manuals." These handbooks are not intended to be "crammers." Readers, indeed, are warned that they will be of no use for schools or for examination purposes, their aim being to educate rather than to inform. The publisher hopes to reach the large provincial population which cannot attend lectures, as well as the University Extension students. Already twenty-seven manuals are announced—in history, science, literature, and philosophy. The names of the authors—MESSRS. EDMUND GOSSE, STOPFORD BROOKE, PROFESSORS MCKENDRICK, BALDWIN BROWN, MINTO, etc.—are guarantees of the value of the books. The editor is PROFESSOR KNIGHT, of St. Andrews. The manuals will be issued simultaneously in England and America.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. announce a new book by SIR EDWIN ARNOLD—the series of letters which have appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* descriptive of his recent tour. The volume, which will be fully illustrated from photographs, is promised for the autumn. The same publishers have in the press the third and concluding volume of MR. S. R. GARDINER'S "History of the Great Civil War;" and the second volume of MR. H. MORSE STEPHENS' "History of the French Revolution." The current issue of MESSRS. LONGMANS' "Badminton Library" is on "Riding," by the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, the EARL OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF ONSLOW, and MESSRS. W. R. WEIR and A. E. I. WATSON. A chapter on "Polo" is appended by MR. J. MORAY BROWN. Manuals are in preparation on Big Game Shooting, Mountaineering, Coursing and Falconry, Ice Sports, and Yachting.

It is not a fate to be envied, that which SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S own cheerful good opinion of himself and the business shrewdness of MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS have brought upon the President of the London County Council; but he cannot escape it now. The first of "Sir John Lubbock's Hundred Books"—that is the title of the series, and it will appear on the whole hundred—is CARY'S translation of HERODOTUS. We hope it will help to spread acquaintance with the "Father of History," although we are inclined to deride SIR JOHN when he plays the schoolmaster abroad.

A BOOK which will in all likelihood become a standard selection for the next score years, if not for a longer time, is "The Poets and Poetry of the Century" (HUTCHINSON), edited by ALFRED H. MILES. It is to be in ten volumes. Two of these have just been published—the first and the last. With the exception of two notices—those of "James Hogg," by WALTER WHYTE; and "Coleridge," by HORACE G. GROSER—MR. MILES is himself responsible for the whole of the first volume. A variety of writers, including MESSRS. BUXTON FORMAN, ADDINGTON SYMONDS, HAVELOCK ELLIS, and ARTHUR SYMONS, have contributed to the sixth volume. The paper, binding, and printing are of the best, and the popular edition is a marvel of cheapness.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have added to their "Riverside Edition" of RUSSELL LOWELL'S works, his "Poems" in two volumes. "American Humorous Verse," selected and edited by JAMES BARR, is the new volume of the "Canterbury Poets" (SCOTT). We have only two volumes of original verse to note this week. One, in pasteboard covers, is by LESLIE THAIN, who hails from Longtown, near Abergavenny, although his volume is published by MR. EDWARDS, of Brechin. The other, "Lapsus Calami" (MACMILLAN & ROWE), by J. K. S., has already attracted some attention.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE publications of the week include "The Diary of a Pilgrimage" (ARROWSMITH), by JEROME K. JEROME; "Problems of Poverty" (METHUEN), by JOHN A. HOBSON; "David Cox and Peter De Wint," by GILBERT R. REDGRAVE—an addition to the "Illustrated Biographies of Great Artists" (SAMPSON LOW); and "Tahiti: the Garden of the Pacific" (UNWIN), by DORA HORT. The last is a very attractive-looking volume.

THE three-volume novels of the week are—"Mea Culpa: a Woman's Last Word" (HEINEMANN), by HENRY HARLAND; "A Lady of My Own" (HURST & BLACKETT), by HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS; "Eight Days" (SMITH, ELDER), by R. E. FORREST; "Bertha's Earl" (BENTLEY), by LADY LINDSAY; and "Jerome" (SWAN SONNENSCHN), by ANNABEL GRAY. In one volume we have "Tinkletop's Crime," etc. (CHATTO), by GEORGE R. SIMS, and an American story with an awe-inspiring title, "Juggernaut: a Veiled Record" (SAMPSON LOW), by GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON and DOLORES MARBOURG.

THE first English "in memoriam" poem, "The Pearl," has just been published by MR. DAVID NUTT. The editor is MR. J. GOLLANCZ, of Christ's College, Cambridge. A *vis-à-vis* modern rendering of the Middle-English text will give the lay reader some idea of the beauties of the poem. LORD TENNYSON has taken an interest in the preparation of "The Pearl." A prefatory quatrain from his pen, and a frontispiece by MR. HOLMAN HUNT, enhance the value of the book.

A REPRINT of "The Kalendar of Shepherdes," on which DR. H. OSKAR SOMMER has been engaged for some time, will be issued shortly by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co. This book was first printed at Paris in French under the title "Compost et Calendrier des Bergiers," in 1493. WARTON describes it as "calculated for the purposes of a perpetual almanac." It is a medley of verse and prose, and contains, among many other curious particulars, the saints of the whole year, the movable feasts, the signs of the zodiac, the properties of the twelve months, rules for blood-letting, a system of ethics, politics, divinity, physiognomy, medicine, astrology, and geography. It was "a universal magazine of every article of salutary and useful knowledge." The first so-called English edition was published in Paris in a language which has been called "Anglo-Scoto-Gallic." The DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, the possessor of the only perfect copy of this edition, lent it to the British Museum for DR. SOMMER'S use. The reprint will contain a facsimile of this unique copy: the English edition proper, by RICHARD PYNSON, supplemented from the third English edition by WYNKYN DE WORDE; and the Prolegomena, consisting of a critical treatise on all known French and English editions, the sources of the French edition, etc. Perhaps the most interesting thing about this curious volume is that SPENSER borrowed the title.

THE Hamburgers, says the *Athenæum*, are much aggrieved at the destruction of an "historical relic" connected with the life of HEINE. At the age of seventeen HEINE had bestowed his volatile affections on the young daughter of a French *émigré*, then residing at Hamburg, and having been forbidden the house in consequence of a quarrel with the father, he engraved one night with a ring on the pane of a window, the passionate assurance, "Moi, je n'existe que pour vous." The pane with the inscription was religiously preserved by the successive owners of the tenement, but at the recent re-building of the house it was unfortunately broken through the carelessness of a workman.

ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

ROME, April 25.

THE telegraph will have already told you of the disaster which occurred two days ago in Rome. At ten minutes past seven on the morning of the 23rd a loud explosion was heard in all parts of the town. A sudden and violent wind shook the houses, broke the windows, and aroused everyone. The streets in a moment were full of people inquiring what had happened. Generally people thought that a bombshell had exploded not far from their houses, and it was only half an hour afterwards that it became known that the powder magazine of Vigna Pia, at a distance of three or four kilometres from the town, had exploded. The King was the first to arrive on the scene of the disaster, and since the hour when it happened there have been constant crowds on the spot, although there is nothing more to be seen. Where the powder magazine stood there is now a huge hole. The Campagna to a great distance is devastated, while the damage done in the town itself is enormous. The Minister of War informed the Chamber that in the magazine there were 255,000 kilogrammes of powder and 817,000 various explosive projectiles. The loss of powder is calculated at about 900,000 francs, whereas the damages in the town amount to over two millions at least. The worst is that some objects of artistic value have been destroyed in the Vatican, at St. Peter's and at St. Paul's outside the walls. The Vatican was the spot nearest to the magazine, so that the Pope was much alarmed, thinking that a revolution was at hand. An inquiry has been opened, but no conclusion has yet been arrived at, nor will it be easy to find one. I do not believe that there was any foul play, although this has been suspected by many, and especially by the people. What is characteristic is that the lottery offices are besieged by crowds—who play the number twenty-three for the day of the accident and ninety for the fright they got, and other numbers according to their fancy. If all these people were to lose the Government would be almost refunded for its loss, but the contrary also is possible.

Unfortunately, there are three other powder magazines at no greater distance from Rome than this one, which present the same risk and the same danger. Military men say that the magazines must be where they are, once that the fortifications exist. But they do not explain the *raison d'être* of these fortifications, which were made some ten years ago at a great expense. At that time there was an idea that the French might disembark at Civita Vecchia and attack Rome. This has never happened, and at present I see no prospect of its happening. The only use of these powder magazines hitherto has been to cause us much more harm than any enemy can do us. The real comfort in all this misfortune has been the gallant conduct of our soldiers, and, especially, one officer—Captain Spaccamela—acted heroically. For he, though not the officer on guard, went on to the roof of the magazine, when, happening to pass by, he was told by the sentinel that there were suspicious noises. Having assured himself that there was something the matter, he was able to warn the soldiers; but as he waited till they were all out of the place, he could not escape himself, and, though not dead, is very dangerously wounded.

With regard to other matters everything is going on quietly. The Ministry is acquiring strength. Signor Crispi's political position is very low. He had three hundred friends before his fall; now he has not thirty members in the House who wish to see him again at the head of affairs. Yesterday something unpleasant befell him. Signor Nicotera and I have been proposing for several years that the *scrutinio di lista* should be abandoned, and that we should return to the *scrutinio uninominale*—that is, to the system which assigns to each constituency the

election of only one candidate. To this reform Signor Crispi has been always opposed when he was Minister, though now he has sat through the discussion without opening his mouth, and it has been voted by an overwhelming majority.

On Thursday next the discussion on African affairs will begin. Signor Crispi will not be pleased with it. All is unsettled there. King Menelik will not hear of our protectorate, which Crispi thought assured and notified to the Powers, nor is the frontier between our possessions and the Ethiopian Empire yet agreed upon. The documents on this subject presented to the House by the Marquis of Rudini are very good reading. It is a very curious comedy, but King Menelik, who will not accept our *protectorate*, will be very much astonished to find he has been put by Lord Salisbury under our *influence*, as it is expressed in the protocol signed by Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Rudini on the 15th of April. In any case we cannot arrive at any conclusion regarding our African possessions until the return of the Commission of Inquiry which left Rome on the 9th of April and which has hardly yet reached Massowah. Yet it has been a very unpleasant discovery to find that these possessions last year alone cost us 25 millions of francs, and Signor Crispi has spent a million and a half besides without the authorisation of the Chamber. In return—so far at least—they give us nothing.

BONGHI.

THE VOYAGE OF JOHN LE PETYT.

To my godson, Alexander, now residing on the Cornish coast.

IT has been decided, my dear boy, that next week you begin to learn your alphabet from the family hornbook; and as your father and mother assure me that your wits are remarkably quick, I make haste to write down the following story. If it amuse you, put it aside and read it again when you are a grown man; for it is not only true, but contains, I think, some inkling of the proper conduct of life.

A long while ago, before this town of Troy was built and when a few cottages only stood beside the harbour, a company of adventurers (or "gallants," as they were called) grew dissatisfied with a stay-at-home life and sailed off to seek something better. They had no large ship of their own and were not clever enough to build one: but, by good luck, a band of red-haired Danes had landed here, years before, and finding nothing to pillage, had fired a cottage or two and marched inland, leaving their ship at anchor in Pont Creek. Weeks passed and grew into months, then into years; but the Danes never returned. The ship grew green with weed and heavy with rain-water: her sails dropped into strips, and the birds built their nests in her rigging. And there she might have rotted all to pieces had not the gallants tired of their home. They examined her, decided that with a fair amount of patching she would do for them; and one morning the noise of mallets scared the birds out of their nests. The ship's rudder being quite decayed, the gallants rigged up another out of their church door, saying very wisely that a church was meant to be entered, whereas the only use of a door was to keep people out.

Their names were common enough, and such as you may find in Troy to this day. There was Tom, and Dick and Harry, and Thomson and Richardson and Harrison, and Tomkins and Dickens and Hawkins, and so on. They numbered twenty-one in all on the morning they sailed: and the twenty-first man was John le Petyt, who had married a wife the week before, but left her in his father's house. They had quarrelled, three days after the wedding, because John had not found her so delightful a companion as he expected. But dissatisfaction was in the air,

about that time; and they wept bitterly when John took her white face between his hands, and kissed it, on the shore where the boat waited to take him on board *The Good Intent*. For the gallants had changed the name on the stern of the Danish ship, because they could not pronounce it; and did not know that this was a very unlucky thing to do.

Perhaps this was the reason why, after sailing due west for five months and seeing nothing worthy of mention from the hour when the dark came down and hid their own church-tower and the women waving their kerchiefs upon it, the ship ran against a continent and went to pieces, drowning a third of her crew. John le Petyt was among those who scrambled out along the bowsprit and dropped on shore: and after drying themselves sufficiently, the whole party tramped inland through a diversity of scenery, not greatly superior to that they were accustomed to at home.

On the fifth day they came to a large city and had the misfortune to lose two more of their company, Hawkins being taken by the citizens in the act of sketching their cathedral, and hanged for too much curiosity, while Harrison met with a still more dismal fate. For coming, after nightfall, to a brightly lit house, with open doors, through which beat the merry music of a band and the echo of feet dancing, he entered and chose a partner. Her face was beautiful as the moon and her feet moved like fire-flies, in shoes of the colour of molten brass. Now when Harrison had danced for half-an-hour or more, and the cymbals still clashed to the same tune and the dancers still spun, his comrades, who hung around the door timidly, observing that all the faces within were painted and inexpressibly weary, called to him to cease and come away. But he never regarded them, though they raved themselves hoarse: so they went back to their lodgings, and being once out of the street, could never find it again. Yet they searched continually for a fortnight, having to spend that time in the city.

For they had heard of a mountain, distant a hundred days' march, where gold was to be had for the digging. And at once it struck the gallants that this was the object for which they had sailed, and they spent all the money saved from the wreck in fitting out an expedition, buying pickaxes, spades, tents, cooking utensils, and an immense amount of tinned meats of all kinds. These they divided, and, each man shouldering his load, set off across the great central plain for the mountains.

For a while little happened except that one of their number, William by name, was murdered by a tribe of Indians that crossed on its way to the southern hunting grounds. This misfortune reduced the company to eleven. And ten days after, while they were cutting through a virgin forest, John le Petyt fell sick of a fever. He begged them pathetically to carry him along till he recovered; and, his voice being particularly sweet in tone, they listened to him at first. But when he grew delirious and his arguments incoherent, they concluded that he was in the wrong, and left him behind to his fate.

Nobody knows how long he lay in delirium; but recovering his wits at length and looking up, he saw a stranger seated beside him in the green forest—a smiling, dark-faced man, with rings in his ears.

"Who are you?" John asked.

"I was passing back," the stranger answered, "along the road you came by, and found you lying here. I have cured you and I love you. Wait three days, till you are strong again, and turn back with me."

"You have saved my life," said John; "but I won't go back with you. I follow my comrades, to seek the best thing in life. Have you seen them anywhere?"

"They were digging for gold, when I passed, in a mountain twenty days' journey from here. You have only to travel in a bee-line, due west, to come upon

it." And the dark man kissed John le Petyt on both cheeks and went his way singing through the wood, towards the East.

John, having rested two more days to recover, went westward in a bee-line, after his comrades. On the twentieth evening he came to a spot where a deep gorge yawned at his feet, and across the gorge rose a sombre mountain, clothed half-way up its front with pine-forests, and rising beyond the pines in scarred and naked slopes towards the stars. That night he slept on the edge of the gorge, and woke a dozen times thinking he heard the pick-axes of his comrades at work; but in fact there was no sound but the rush of many waterfalls tumbling into the gorge, and the stir of the evening wind in the forests and gullies of the mountain opposite.

At length he slept for three hours together, and awoke to find the day risen. Its beams, passing over his head, smote on the higher slopes of the mountain: and these slopes dazzled his eyes with patches of blazing gold. He hardly waited to pick a few berries for his breakfast, but dashed down the hill and across the stream at the bottom of the gorge.

For the whole day he climbed up through the pine-forest towards the glittering patches; and came on one just before sunset. Alas! the objects that had dazzled him were not gold at all, but innumerable opened and empty meat-tins left here in heaps by former diggers. The whole peak was strewn with them and flamed when the sun smote on it. John recognised a few that his comrades had brought, but there was no living man in sight.

He toiled to the summit, and reached it as the moon rose. At his feet lay a purple ocean, and stretched into the mists. "There is no best thing in life," he groaned; "it is all sea and land and sea again."

On the morrow he descended towards the coast, and lived for many months in the woods there, eating the berries that grew there and what oysters and turtles' eggs he could find along the shore.

But at last, one evening, a sail shone upon the sea; and then appeared a canoe and a man seated in it, whistling as he approached the shore. It was the dark stranger, with the rings in his ears, and he hailed John le Petyt at two furlongs' distance, and laughed.

"I've been round the world the other way," he said.

"Then you have found the best thing in it, I suppose?"

"Well, I went back to the city you passed through, and I saw the bones of a comrade of yours, twirling in the wind from a gibbet. And another comrade was alive and twirling, with a handful of dust in his fist; for it seems his partner in the dance grew old and shrivelled up and died on his arm, so that at first it encircled an old woman, and then corruption, and then a bone or two, and then dust that powdered his coat; but he still dances. And then I passed over-sea and heard the drowned men hail their names, and each gave me a message to take to Troy. So I went to Troy, and there I closed your father's eyes and nursed your wife till she died of a decline. And now I have come to be your comrade, for I love you."

John le Petyt considered, and said—

"I will go with you; but never will I give you my hand as friend, till you have shown me the best thing in the world. For that is what I came out to see."

They pushed out together upon the sea and set the sail. And in ten days they came on John's old comrades, Tom and Dick. They were lying-to and sounding the ocean with a plummet. "Have you found it?" shouted John between his hands as the canoe raced by; but they did not even lift their faces.

Two days later they passed a group of islands. On the pleasant beach of one island reposed another of the gallants, Harry, drinking out of a rind-cup

and singing to the natives who lolled in the sun, both male and female, and threw flowers at him lazily. He glanced up at John's hail, but yawned in a moment and went on singing.

"That's a great pity," observed John to his companion; "for Harry was the most gifted of us all, and might have done wonders with that voice."

The island dropped back into the evening, and the two voyagers raced on, one in the bows, the other at the tiller. For as yet they had not shaken hands.

But at length they saw land, towards which the stranger turned the canoe's head. It was night, with a still moon at its zenith, when the canoe came under the shore and passed between two misty headlands into a harbour which John recognised. Only a score of vessels now lay at anchor in the channel, and hundreds of whitewashed houses lined the shore where a few cottages formerly straggled. But the cottage of John's father stood unchanged, and his boat was moored off its quay-door as in the old days.

"Let me look," said John, as they glided up beside it. "Why, how is my father dead when his boat is made fast with this knot? There is but one family in Troy that ever used this kind of knot, and I am the last of it."

"Yet your father is dead," said the stranger; "but climb up the ladder and inquire at the cottage, if you will."

"No. I will wait till sunrise."

So they lay off the sleeping town until the morning broke; and at last John climbed the ladder, for he heard voices laughing in the garden above. But peering above the quay-door, he stood still. There was a woman in the garden, who knelt with her back to him and her arms stretched out. Towards them a boy of four, in a blue pinafore, was running; and he laughed as he ran. And in the wide hips, and the curve of the matron's back as she stooped, John le Petyt found the best thing that he had sought across the world.

He turned and crept down the ladder with a white face, but held out his hand to the stranger. "Tell me, brother," he stammered, "is that Margaret—my wife?"

"Margaret, your wife, is dead. She, up yonder, is Margaret, your daughter. Now come away, for she has husband and child, and wants you not: while I have hungered these years for your friendship."

Q.

SUNLIGHT IN LONDON.

HAVE we no springtime? Ah, you think of flowers,

Of buds, of meadows, of the nesting bird;

Such toys suit well your leisure country hours—

'Mid bricks and busy folk they seem absurd.

Yet we too feel the sunlight warm and clear;

Spring's subtle madness here is understood;

It flickers down the opening of the year,

We see it all, and know that it is good.

The staid, worn clerk grows youthful as a boy;

Across his luncheon-hour his chuckles roll;

He gets his hat blocked out of utter joy,

And almost swears to ease his simmering soul.

The cabs go faster; drivers, more alert,

Take nearer corners with a finer skill;

And everything collides and nothing's hurt

In one refulgent maze down Ludgate Hill.

Look! There's the Griffin! How it likes the sun!

How bold and how heraldic is its mien!

Beautiful?—Yonder building, when it's done,

Will be quite fine—that grass is very green.

Even this omnibus by magic art

Is my own carriage when the sunlight plays;

Its jaded horses, tugging at the start,

Become my own—a clinking pair of greys.

There's poetry abroad. It's in the air,

Blown through the sunlight by winds warm and wild;

Look how they're dancing to the organ there—

Those children—is not that a winsome child?

The very street-cries turn to verse and scan;

One's gaily lyric, one's a mournful cry—

"Song, words and music, 'Ush! the Bogie Man!'"

"I mike 'em all myself, kind lyedy, buy."

Aye, we have spring. Yet spring's soft sunlight goes;

The grey smoke rises to a sky of grey;

The staid worn clerk gets shuffling home, and knows—

A shade ashamed—he has been mad to-day;

The music stops, the winsome children sleep;

The jaded horses stretch, and eat, and rest;

And poetry's away for clouds to keep

In treasure-chambers of the gilded west.

BARRY PAIN.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, May 1st, 1891.

I KNOW of no pleasanter or less remunerative pursuit than chasing an idea from book to book, from one writing fellow, as Lord March so rudely called the author of the divine *Clarissa*, to another.

There are not many essays better worth reading than those of Jeremy Collier, who for some reason unconnected with the flight of time is usually called old Jeremy Collier. The last edition of them, the seventh, appeared in 1732, which, no doubt, if you count by the calendar, is a good while ago. Admirable, however, as are these essays, there is no need whatever for their admirers to begin bawling out for a new edition of them, as did a writer in the *Censura Literaria*, so recently as 1805.

There are always plenty of copies of Collier's *Essays* to be had in the recognised marts of literature, the second-hand booksellers'. Within a week I would undertake to collect a dozen copies in fine old calf bindings. Nor does Jeremy cost money. Four or five shillings will add this witty, sensible writer to anybody's shelves.

There is something childish in the way some people choose to overlook what an enormous factor these second-hand shops are in the circulation of literature. To ask who goes to them is like asking who drinks the rum that is to free Education? The latter question may be usefully asked, but it does not affect the main issue, which is that the rum is drunk; so, too, the books are bought.

How many second-hand booksellers in town and country now publish catalogues every quarter or month? How much money do they take over their counter? I knew a second-hand bookseller who carried on his trade in a shop so lowly that for years the income-tax people passed him contemptuously by, and were too tender-hearted to affront him with Schedule D. Yet all the time he was making a larger income than many of the barristers hard by, whose few casual guineas never escaped the toll of the State. If the bookseller had been one of those inferior gentry who sell new books he would not have escaped the tax-gatherer. What ignorance!

But to return to Jeremy Collier. His "Essay on the Entertainment of Books" concludes thus:—

"To take measures wholly from *Books*, without looking into *Men* and *Business*, is like travelling in a *Map*, where, though *Countries* and *Cities* are well enough distinguished, yet *Villages* and private *Seats* are either overlooked, or too generally marked for a *Stranger* to find. And therefore he that would be a *Master*, must *draw* by the *Life*, as well as copy from *Originals*, and joyn theory and experience together."

In an earlier part of the Essay—the whole is but five pages—he has wisely observed that a man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating as wiser by always reading.

These sayings call to mind Hazlitt's splenetic description of Sir James Mackintosh: "He might like to read an *account* of India; but India itself, with its burning, shining face, was a mere blank, an endless waste to him. Persons of his class have no more to say to a plain matter of fact staring them in the face than they have to a hippopotamus."

To cite Hazlitt is to think of Walter Bagehot, from whose pungent, objective writings a small volume of Hazlitt might be recast. Here is Mr. Bagehot's description of Guizot: "When M. Guizot walks the street he seems to see nothing. The head is thrown back, the eye fixed, and the mouth working. His mind is no doubt at work, but it is not stirred by what is external. . . . There might have been an *émeute* in the street, and he would not have known it; there have been revolutions in his life, and he is scarcely the wiser. Among the most frivolous and fickle of nations he is alone. They pass from the game of war to the game of peace, from the game of science to the game of art, from the game of liberty to the game of slavery, from the game of slavery to the game of licence; he stands like a schoolmaster in the playground, without sport and without pleasure, firm and sullen, slow and awful."

Shakespeare, Mr. Bagehot goes on to say, was not a man of this sort. Collier, Hazlitt, and Bagehot seem fairly at one in this matter, and, like "the loose but gifted Byron," to have hated an author who is all author. It is easy to agree with them.

Authors are beginning to get very noisy. There are a great many of them. They bustle about and look even publishers in the face. They have lately formed a trades union, an excellent association, which, so long as it confines itself to the collection of information, need frighten no one but rascals who believe that manuscript matter is worth nothing in the market, and accordingly pay for it at that rate. Authors have likewise taken to reading each other's books, always a dangerous and unnecessary task; and having been at the bother of reading them, naturally turn a penny—I omit the usual "honest," as I wish to be quite impartial in this matter—by reviewing them. Then there is a noise in the land as of cats that wail in chorus. There are young authors who see all things in Thomas Hardy, and who sniff portentously as they pass by Mudie and see a footman loaded with Black. It is a deadly sin to like Wilkie Collins or to find Miss Braddon an excellent companion in a railway carriage, but to stick in the middle of "The Cloister and the Hearth" is to be damned beyond redemption.

Then the critics who are not authors, instead of being scattered up and down the land, as they ought to be, shut up with their books, have become an aggressive crew of propagandists crowded together in London, each one bent upon thrusting his favourite living writer down the gullet of the public. To be without opinions upon Ibsen and Tolstoi, and the countless French gentlemen who have written novels during the last fifteen years, is in the eyes of these furious Franks and fiery Huns an abnegation of all intellectual curiosity.

And yet, after all, poetry, and novels, and essays are pleasures, not duties. Why need anyone bother to read Ibsen if he is happy with Farquhar, or Tolstoi

if he never tires of Scott? No human being can answer the question, so no human being need try. Books were made for man, not man for books.

This perpetual talk about books by professional critics is becoming a gigantic bore. It is a got-up thing. Men and women should be left alone to read what they like. There is no obligation to read anybody's poetry or novel, living or dead. Some men who have done good work in the world have never found time or opportunity to visit Rome—others have died without reading "Tom Jones." What does it matter?

We have the mass of books to choose from. We surround ourselves with a few thousands, and read from them at our leisure. It cannot be denied by anyone that more good books belong to the entire Past than to this Present. Therefore of necessity a wise man, anxious to gain as much wisdom and derive as much enjoyment as he can in the short time he has on his hands, will far oftener read old books than new. To pay court to the Great is no snobbery in the republic of letters.

But does one owe any duty, any active duty, to the authors of one's own day? Ought one to read their very numerous publications? It seems hard to make this out, and yet an affectation of ignorance, or strained devotion to old writers merely as such, is ridiculous. The true conclusion appears to be that there is no need to want to read anything new, or to be in a hurry about it. The second-hand shops will keep any man going all his life.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE WALPOLE. A Memoir. By Austin Dobson. With Illustrations by Percy and Léon Moran. London: J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

IN addition to the exceptional beauty of the form in which it is presented to us, this volume has a double claim on our attention. It is a distinguished specimen of critico-biographical literature, and it is, at the same time, the first serious attempt which has been made to vindicate Horace Walpole from the aspersions of Macaulay and his followers. The circumstances under which the Edinburgh Reviewer, in examining Lord Dover's edition of the "Letters to Sir Horace Mann," in 1833, took occasion, while coldly admitting the literary value of that correspondence, to paint Walpole as a species of bloodless reptile, without a heart and even without instincts, are well remembered. Macaulay was pleased with his own work. "Nothing," he said, "ever cost me so much pains," and the vast circle of his readers justified his complacency by their applause. He had, as he put it, "laid it on Walpole unsparingly," and much of the mud so cunningly mixed, and flung with so sure a hand, has stuck to this day on Lord Orford's embroidered waistcoat and partridge silk stockings.

It must not, however, be believed that Mr. Austin Dobson is a partisan, or spoils his presentment by letting his own partiality be seen. It is not Mr. Dobson's serene way to attack anybody, but with his searching accuracy he sifts the evidence and lets the truth speak for itself. It is plain that there are many sides upon which the delicate and sensitive nature of Walpole appeals to him. He is no politician, and is not troubled with the "offensive faults" of his subject in this direction. Macaulay, with his own cast-iron impression of all things human and divine, found Walpole's opinions of men

and things "wild, absurd, ever-changing," and not to be pardoned. Mr. Dobson sets rhetoric aside, and when the air is calm enough to enable us to discover what those opinions were, discovers that many of them were eminently modern and sympathetic. What to Macaulay seemed a "bitter scoffing depreciating disposition" is not denied *in toto* by Walpole's later biographer, but is resolved, in relation to the general temperament of the man, into "an extraordinary distaste for some of the robust spirits of his age," leading of course to "absolutely illiberal comment." But instead of dwelling on this distaste, or lending pepper to his pages by quoting instances of it, Mr. Dobson insists on what was really sympathetic and attractive to Walpole, rightly judging that it is from a man's sincere likes and not from his whimsical dislikes that we gain a just conception of his intellectual character.

Of the purely biographical portion of this volume, we can but speak in the highest terms. When we say that Mr. Austin Dobson has never before, in a prose work, approached so closely to the grace and easy finish of his verse, we indicate our opinion of the style in which this memoir is written. Those who appreciate Mr. Dobson as a poet are apt to forget that, in a totally distinct and almost antagonistic field, he is an extremely learned investigator of literary history. The cautious spirit in which he works, the value which he attaches to the mint and anise and cummin of bibliography, have sometimes injured his style as a prose-writer. His scrupulous exactitude has produced an effect of timidity and languor. But there is no sign of these qualities in the present volume, where the subject has precluded that painful examination of documents which we may really leave to less distinguished writers than Mr. Dobson. Here he has had a free field for his picturesque memory and unrivalled knowledge of the eighteenth century to move in. Here he has merely had a vast mass of published documents to collate and digest without being prejudiced by the need of making "discoveries." The consequence is that, with a skill altogether charming and refined, he has made the uneventful career of Walpole glide before our eyes in an easy procession from Eton to the grave.

We can hardly doubt that, as we recede from the last century, the figure of Horace Walpole will take an increasing distinctness and attractiveness. Not a few of the qualities which incensed the critics of the age which succeeded his were really the expression of a taste more modern than theirs. Walpole, with his nice discrimination and delicate observation, was drowned in the floods of rhetoric which deluged the third quarter of the century. As long as Hugh Blair and Bishop Hurd and Macpherson Ossian, each in his different sphere, governed the taste of the public, there could be no place found for the frail art of Walpole. Later on, the romantic movement was not less unfavourable to an appreciation of his talent. His paradoxes, his little highly finished vignettes in words, his love of rococo bric-à-brac, his definite preference for what is small and highly finished over what is broadly sketched on an heroic scale—all this could hardly be valued sixty years ago. But we have returned in a measure to love for little things. We affect, at least, to delight in those Mercurys of the literary Olympus whose art it is to repeat to us the rustle of the dresses, the *frou-frou* of the fans, and the murmur of the gossip of old salons, and thus to give us a faithful echo of a past society.

The temperament of Horace Walpole was pre-eminently fitted for such a task. Of all Englishmen who lived in the last century none had so clear a memory and so concentrated a vision. His picture of George I., whom he saw when he was ten, is not less definite, is not less scrupulously true to Walpole's own manner of observation, than his sketch of the children who came to stare at him, as at "the Methuselah of the family," when he was eighty. His felicity is hard to analyse. It consists primarily

in the distinctness of his view, and in his concentrated focussing of the essential features of any scene, and those only. All we common mortals see too little or too much; Horace Walpole sees exactly what is important, what differentiates the scene from all other scenes, and no more. But it is not enough to perceive and to select; the power of expression also must be given, and this Walpole possesses to an extraordinary degree. Here again, the selecting and rejecting processes help him. He does not reflect or argue, he is not reminded of parallels, he does not philosophise. He "keeps his eye upon the object." Gray is a prince of letter-writers, but Gray is not so perfect a delineator as Walpole. We feel that the poet's ratiocination stands in his way, that he thinks and remembers; while Walpole, with the maximum of art and the minimum of intellectual effort, simply records his faultless impression. He is aided in doing this by certain delicious amenities of manner. He says all that a graver chronicler would take a paragraph to express, in one bold word, as when he explains how fashionable Ranelagh has become by telling Conway that "the floor is all of beaten princes." He understands to a nicety the absurd pleasure of surprise in topsy-turvy criticism, as when he gravely remarks that the Prince of Wales's song "miscarried is nothing but the language, the thoughts, and the poetry." He is absolute master of the incongruous illustration which hovers between truth and burlesque, as when he declares that "barges solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window." His wit is as picturesque, fantastic, and unexpected as his own Gothic cottage by the banks of the Thames. He is "Elzevir Horace," incomparably elegant and bewitching within his own defined limits of sympathy.

Of the writings of Horace Walpole, outside the "Correspondence," it is not easy to say very much, so slight are they and so occasional. What can be done is done by Mr. Dobson in the few careful phrases with which he dismisses each ephemeral issue of the *Officina Arbuteana*. Two of Walpole's books, however, claim more attention, and to one of these his new biographer has given it. Mr. Dobson's account of "The Castle of Otranto" (pp. 194—198) is admirable, and is the most critical with which we have met. His neglect, on the other hand, of "The Mysterious Mother" is very marked, and is, in our opinion, the least satisfactory feature of Mr. Dobson's volume. He admits that, with regard to this tragedy, "most of Walpole's biographers are content to abide in generalities," and then, curiously enough, he abides in generalities himself. If Mr. Dobson's account of "The Mysterious Mother" were all that had come down to us, we should not know whether it was written in prose or verse, or have the slightest notion of its style or subject. We do not think that any serious writer on the works of Horace Walpole is permitted to slur in this way over the most extraordinary of his imaginative experiments. "The Mysterious Mother," even if it were an absolute failure, which it is not, would display an ambition to succeed in the highest department of poetical literature, such as Walpole never displayed before or after. This drama is a five-act tragedy, in blank verse, on a story of incestuous passion; horrible enough, but treated with perfect decorum, and not less suited to dramatic performance than the tale of *Edipus* and *Jocasta*. The verse in which this tragedy is composed is, like most eighteenth-century dramatic verse, somewhat monotonous and reminiscent of the style of Rowe, yet it compares favourably with that of Home's and Thomson's plays. That Walpole should have been moved to write this sombre and impassioned tragedy throws so interesting and so puzzling a light upon his character, that we cannot quite forgive Mr. Dobson for so unaccountably neglecting it. Two or three pages on "The Mysterious Mother" might well be added to the next edition of this book.

A new edition must, of course, be promptly called for, since the luxury and limited issue of the present

make it beyond the reach of all but a few lucky purchasers. It is printed exquisitely, at the admirable De Vinne Press in New York, from which the books of the Grolier Club are issued. It is illustrated by etchings and wood-cuts by the Messrs. Moran, in which the costume and spirit of Walpole's time are well preserved. A full bibliography of the Strawberry Hill Press and an excellent index complete the usefulness of the memoir. We delight to find even Homer nodding, and therefore we will point out that Mr. Dobson has twice called Lady Louisa Stuart "Lady Stuart."

M. TAINE'S LAST VOLUME.

LES ORIGINES DE LA FRANCE CONTEMPORAINE. LE RÉGIME MODERNE. Tome I. Par H. Taine, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Hachette. 1891. 2nd edition.

THE MODERN RÉGIME. By H. A. Taine, D.C.L. Oxon. Vol. I. (Copyright, 1890, in America, by Henry Holt & Co.; Robert Drummond, Printer, New York.) London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

NONE may now question M. Taine's great talent; indeed, it might save trouble to begin by admitting that he is even too clever. The higher mathematics of his criticism, his "critic of pure theory," but too often parallels here the products of the Siéyès type of brain, which the practical First Consul long ago condemned for ever (14 pluviôse, an X.) as "puerile ideology"; and which indeed (by an unconscious fatality) M. Taine himself is never tired of covering with appropriate ridicule.

Those who know their Taine now deftly skim and skip over the dust and ashes of such pages, and hasten to seize instead upon those passages—and they are many—which rapidly marshal and condense every leading and luminous fact or statistic or saying that defines and illustrates a social or political interval, no matter how big it looms upon the ordinary student. The masterly certainty of his method is at times as striking as the performance of some musical maestro on an instrument that almost seems part of himself. Unfortunately we must, as to this volume, add still another qualification: there is constantly evidence of a great lack of revision, for we must not accuse M. Taine's mannerisms of getting ossified in an inveterate carelessness.

Take for example of his excellence the strictures on Conscription, which may be safely recommended to the perusal of some of our English would-be innovators. Universal suffrage brought into France in 1789 its logical sequent; the right of the voter carried with it the duty of the defender; and, as Dubois-Crancé then declared it, "every citizen had to be a soldier, and every soldier a citizen," which has resulted at this present day in "driving every valid Frenchman in his twentieth and following years into one and the same manual and murderous trade." And this induces a condition of affairs well described by Miot to the Emperor in 1815: "You have in the women almost everywhere your declared enemies." But even here M. Taine overcolours the sketch, being indeed too often an exaggerator on system, a presenter of epigrams in facts. And his fallacies are occasionally phenomenal, as when he is belauding the old régime, and asserts that—

Before the Revolution 7,000 priests, 37,000 nuns, and 23,000 monks, who were supported by foundations, cost nothing to the State, and almost nothing to the taxpayer. At least they cost nothing, not even a tithe, to the living actual taxpayer; because, being the institution of centuries, the tithe was a charge on the land, and not on the owner in actual enjoyment, or on the farming tenant, who had only bought or hired subject to abatement of the tithe-charge.

In any case the landed property of the Church was hers, without detriment to anyone, by the most legal and legitimate title, the last will of millions of the dead, her founders and benefactors.

It demands a good deal of that rash courage which owes its major part to ignorance to let off such rusty old great guns at this time of day; but an Academician may sometimes rival a Bourbon in learning nothing and forgetting nothing.

M. Taine's "Modern Régime" starts from the proclamation of the great First Consul in 1790,

"The Revolution is over," and ends, or is to end, "in the fifth act," as the present volume theatrically does, with the word "Bankruptcy." But as to national and local indebtedness, M. Taine has not conquered the difficulties of getting accurate and current information any better than the merest outsider may do. He sums up no later figures than 1878 for the gigantic snowball debt of Paris, although he does add, in a puzzling note (p. 434), the total debt of the departments and communes as late as 1886 (£146,000,000). He gives no National Debt information at all, and we know of no better figures for that than those of Whitaker's Almanack, which added to M. Taine's make a total debt of about £1,430,000,000, as against our own of (say) £882,000,000. But this is not all; for rapidly as State taxation is rising, local taxation (for expenditure as well as debt) is completely outstripping it; and instead of being mere hundredths (centimes in the franc) added on (as the too facile mode of collection is) to the Government tax, the local rates now in over 4,000 communes exceed the Imperial taxes. But our own local debts are rising also, and faster than the National Debt falls.

M. Taine explains all this in his reactionary higher-politics by saying (p. 432) that universal suffrage having given the great preponderance of voting power to the poor and the half-poor, they recklessly agree to expenditure and borrowings for which the rich and the comfortable have mainly to pay. But this explanation is partial and unsufficing. The vast majority of the French voters who are not rich are comfortable, more comfortable, and most comfortable; and the two lower degrees, at all events, are not alone thrifty, but stingy (in the English view), as to their meanest expenses. No; the truer half of the explanation is the universal laxity bred of mutual "squaring." The central Government corrupts and quiets the local bodies with lavish, often useless, and even criminal public works; and the local bodies then follow suit among themselves to the burden of "Ca' me and I'll ca' thee."

The English caricatures of the early years of this century never painted the Corsican ogre so black or so red as M. Taine does. About one-half the volume consists of weighty, fatal, circumstantial abuse of this callous, lying, violent, despotic, ignorant, grossly immoral, and insane Italian bandit of the Middle Ages—the last discovery being, we believe, originally Madame de Staël's copyright. It is all there as we condense it, and it is all excellent reading; all the more so, perhaps, for being one-sided and hostile. But it is just Napoleon's genius for domestic politics, his innate order, natural science, superhuman common sense (in internal administration), and his practical machine-like economy—all which M. Taine fully admits—that France wants at this very moment to save her from the financial ruin which M. Taine clearly all but calls down upon her.

The American translation which we earmark above is about as bad as ignorance of both languages and of the subject (and, indeed, of most subjects) could make it. Passages of impossible nonsense are frequent, or the author is made to say the reverse of what he wrote; and the English (even as American) is throughout so queer as to be readable only with labour and pain. We have many times confronted it with the original, and never without finding glaring errors. From a list of some eighty the following are specimens:—Eaux sales (sewage) translated as "marshes"; majorat (entail) as "majority"; dot presumée (supposed dower) as "future inheritance"; en masse as "on the masses"; grace au (thanks to) as "in favour of"; par respect humain as "on humanitarian grounds"; immeubles as "personal property"; tranché (cut) as "wrenched"; peloton (a ball, and thus here, a common cause), as "platoons in his rear"; la commende (of the eighteenth century) as "the Concordat" (of the nineteenth); faction (sentry-go) as "faction" and

"on duty"; du manche (of the handle) as "of numbers"; avec un haut-le-corps as "drawing in his breath"; à bout portant as "driving them into a corner." "English as She is Spoke" was no worse. If this is all the competition we have to fear under the new Act from books printed and copyrighted in America for sale here, we may rest easy in our minds. A "traduction" of that kind (to use the French word) is as bad as an imposition—and we do not solely mean the schoolboy's.

MR. BUCHANAN'S OPINIONS.

THE COMING TERROR: and other Essays and Letters. By Robert Buchanan. London: William Heinemann. 1891.

WE have already spoken of the temper displayed by Mr. Buchanan in this volume, and of the immoderate language which he is pleased to use towards men with whose work he disagrees. We dwell on these features first for a very good reason. Resistance to new opinions is profitable, even if the opinions are sound: it compels the enthusiast to be definite, and to trim his creed of excrescences: it clears up the haze, and concentrates the battle on a plain issue. There is no harm in a reactionary who boldly stands in the path and says, "Go back to the eighteenth and even to the seventeenth century. Shakespeare and Milton possessed the final truth, and all the discoveries of science since their time are only leading you further and further astray." But Mr. Buchanan is a very peculiar reactionary. As a *castigator censorque minorum* he might do, if only he displayed a worthy appreciation of the times he loves better to commend. But, as a matter of fact, the only feature of those times which he has been at pains to reproduce is their unchastened violence of speech. A man might as intelligently prove his devotion to the robust age of the Georges by setting up as a highwayman, or pay tribute to the spacious times of some earlier monarchs by erecting a private gallows.

It was therefore just to criticise first of all the one obsolete custom that this eulogist of the past is actively reviving in our midst: to deal with his practice before coming to his opinions. And now, in considering a few of these opinions, we desire to put them only to such practical tests as Mr. Buchanan himself supplies in his book.

Let us take a very favourite theme of Mr. Buchanan's, the Magdalen. In the exordium of his attack on the Modern Young Man our author asserts of the young man of his own early and happier experience, that "for him, in his calm and waking moments, female purity was still a sacred certainty, and female shame and suffering were less a proof of woman's baseness and unworthiness than of man's deterioration. He lifted his hat to the Magdalen, in life and in literature." Well, we might compile a mighty curious list of young men who were writing when Mr. Buchanan was one-and-twenty, but we prefer to accept the statement, and we believe that Mr. Buchanan retains the good habit of lifting his hat to the Magdalen. Let us proceed. In a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, intended to supplement his essay on the Modern Young Man, and headed "Is Chivalry Still Possible?" Mr. Buchanan speaks thus—

(1) "So far from having the Abominable hushed up and well regulated, I would have it flaunted publicly, in all its hideousness, till the real truth is understood—that it is a creation of the filth of man's heart, and that the class called 'fallen' is practically a class of martyrs."

(2) "We have consistently degraded Women. From generation to generation we have denied them their moral privileges. We have asserted that their only function is parasitic, their best qualities less intellectual than instinctive."

Now we have nothing whatever to blame in these two statements of opinion. But with regard to the first we would simply test it by the touchstone of another sentence which occurs twice in

"The Coming Terror." Speaking with obvious reference to an episode in the history of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Buchanan refers to "the publication of a scandal so infamous, and described so infamously, that the very air of Nature was polluted as by a cesspool, the stench of which penetrated like poison into every household of the land." There is surely some want of lucidity here. In one breath Mr. Buchanan desires that the Abominable should be flaunted publicly in all its hideousness, and in another he speaks in terms of violent disgust of just such an attempt as he recommends—an attempt, too, that avowedly meant to show "that the class called 'fallen' is practically a class of martyrs."

Let the reader next consider statement No. 2, and compare it with Mr. Buchanan's attitude towards Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. Whatever may be said of that play, as a play, however strongly one may condemn the prominence of morality in a production presumably meant to be a work of art, there is not the slightest doubt that the moral of *A Doll's House* is exactly one with Mr. Buchanan's contention that "We have consistently degraded women. From generation to generation we have denied them their moral privileges," etc. etc. Ibsen's Nora is a young wife whose "moral privileges" have been consistently denied to her by a husband who treats her as a doll. In the play she does not "fall"; she forges. But the whole intention of the drama is to show that this is the result of her degradation by man, and the full irony of the situation is felt when "the master, who once worshipped his slave because she was beautiful, now scorns her because he believes her to be base"—again to use a sentence of Mr. Buchanan's. Ibsen then illustrates what Mr. Buchanan asserts. Now what does Mr. Buchanan say about Nora?

He calls her "a petulant little monster, whose eccentricities are only comprehensible on the score of some obscure epileptic disturbance, and who is equally detestable when sucking lollipops or suggesting syllogisms. The minor criticism applauds her and cognate monstrosities as phenomenally interesting and important to literature; in point of fact, they have neither human interest nor any literary importance, save as indications of the fatal influence that morbid self-analysis has had on thought and on expression." It is cruel perhaps to quote this opinion in full; but it is best to punish bluster out of its own mouth. We have only to present the public with Mr. Buchanan's theory, easily constructed out of the above extracts. "If a woman 'falls,' it is due to masculine tyranny. If she sucks lollipops or tells fibs, it comes of some obscure epileptic disturbance."

Altogether, Mr. Buchanan seems to us to have written the papers contained in this volume with no better equipment than a stock of hatred and the command of a language which (to put it gently) few men would employ if they could.

As for Mr. Buchanan's abuse of recent literature and young writers, it may pass. The quarrel will be settled in his favour by the audiences who sit enthralled by his plays. From other judges he has nothing, that we can see, to hope or fear. Only, when next he sets forth to study the beauties of chivalry and the ugliness of "Egoismus," let him go further back than Goethe and read Brantôme. Mr. George Saintsbury is a gentleman who cannot be accused of any love for the modern French novel, or for Ibsen, or for any recent development in literature that we know of. Least of all can he be said to delight in the study of "Egoismus." But he is a candid man, and dealing, in his latest work ("Essays on the French Novelists"—Percival & Co.), with the old French novels of sensibility (in which "Egoismus" raged as it rages nowhere to-day) he allows that they "were really an attempt, and a not unsuccessful attempt, at reform. To estimate the need that there was for reform, a course (which is not recommended *virginibus puerisque*) of Brantôme, followed by Tallemant des Réaux, is all that is necessary." Mr.

Buchanan forgets the ebb and flow of all literary fashions. He thinks the earth is all arid beneath the feet of this generation, and that the sand will never be covered by new waves: and so, like the raven in Virgil's *Georgic*, he invites a deluge from heaven—

*plena pluviam vocat improba vocer,
Et sola in sicca secum spatiat harena.*

ROME AND THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

LETTERS FROM ROME ON THE OCCASION OF THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL, 1869-1870. By the Rev. Thomas Mozley, M.A. Two Vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

DECLARATIONS AND LETTERS ON THE VATICAN DECREES, 1869-1887. By Ignaz von Döllinger. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1891.

THE letters of Mr. Mozley are clever, witty, graphic, good-humoured, satirical, for their original purpose almost as good as letters could be, but hardly qualified to serve any purpose more serious or permanent. What a man of quick senses moving on the outskirts of a crowd could see and hear of the things proceeding at the centre, Mr. Mozley saw and heard; but this was not much; and of the confused sounds or changing colours that did reach him, the acutest ear and sharpest eye could not always make out an intelligible meaning. Yet while no one will go to these letters for the history or mind or significance of the Vatican Council, anyone who wishes to know the Rome of the period, with its splendour and squalor, its dignity and dirt, flying rumours and shifting society, its arriving, assembling, and departing ecclesiastics, with all their rich and varied bravery, will find materials enough here. They are honest letters—at least, as honest as letters written under such conditions and for such a purpose could be. With notable frankness they stand as written, with their often falsified predictions, their not always veracious or well-informed or even quite innocent gossip, and their mistaken inferences: yet their candid faults act as a sort of seasoning, and give a fillip to the languid literary appetite. Indeed, it is marvellous how one who knew no Italian, had no influential friends at the Court or in the Council, who had evidently no special knowledge of the points at issue, or their meaning and bearings, could find so much to write about, and could make it all so interesting. We are glad, therefore, to be able to place these Letters beside the "Reminiscences." Mr. Mozley at Rome is quite as entertaining, and even more instructive, than Mr. Mozley at Oxford.

The second book on our list belongs to a different category; the documents it contains are not of the first importance, but they are important. They help us to see the Council, if not from within, yet through the eyes of the man who suffered most at its hands, and who judged it with the largest and truest historical sense. They enable us to know it better in its problems, policy, bearing, and results. These "Declarations and Letters" are interesting for the indirect light they throw upon Döllinger, his sincerity, integrity, magnanimity, the influences by which it was attempted to win him back to Rome, the calm and convinced strength and noble consistency in which they were resisted. The human interest of a great controversy was never more finely emphasised.

These two books, appearing simultaneously, have made us feel very vividly that while we are but twenty years distant from the Vatican Council, yet in reality it seems more remote than the Tridentine. It is marvellous how little it has affected Christendom, or justified the hopes of its friends or the fears and expectations of its enemies. We all live and think as if it had never been. It is a signal example of how an act out of keeping with the spirit of the time, with whatever pomp, or ceremonial, or blare of trumpets performed, is by that spirit overcome by being simply ignored. It was very different with Trent. If ever Council had relation to its day, it had. Europe anxiously waited for it; Rome, not simply at the centre, but through all her provinces, as jealously prepared

for it. The problems were all of the most vital kind, concerned not only with order and discipline, but with the faith; not simply with the Roman organisation, but with its relation to the new communities. For centuries there had been no authoritative determination concerning the more fundamental and primary dogmas. The Augustinian theology had been variously interpreted; in regard to it the two great Catholic schools had taken divergent lines; and so while internal policy counselled indecision, the external conditions made decision a necessity. For both the Lutheran and Reformed theologies were in their doctrines of sin and grace pronouncedly Augustinian; and the exigencies of controversy had compelled the new Jesuit order to assume to these theologies a distinctly polemical attitude. Hence came a multitude of questions requiring at once astute policy and theological subtlety to handle and solve. History had to be made, yet history had not to be falsified; doctrines had to be formulated at once in antithesis to Protestantism and in harmony with the very theology on which it had built; the divergent parties within had to be satisfied, yet the polemical communities without censured and condemned. What the Council did, it did before the eyes of Europe and with all Europe before its eyes; and if it did not succeed, it was simply because the problem was of a kind that made success impossible. But one thing is certain—all parties were in earnest; Roman and Anglican, Lutheran and Reformed, ecclesiastic and statesman, acted as men who believed that great issues and great principles were at stake. Trent filled the literature of the time. Men of controversial genius like Bellarmine and Chemnitz debated concerning the Biblical and patriotic warrant for its decisions. Jesuit and Jansenist, Franciscan and Dominican, argued concerning their interpretation, and statesmen who had called for an Ecumenical Council discussed whether it were really catholic or simply partial and sectional. Certainly the importance and determinative action of Trent no one can doubt; it created modern Catholicism, and even more by what it left unsettled than by what it fixed. It was a necessity. Rome alone did not call for it—all Christendom did; and it accomplished what was wanted of it—it made manifest, alike by what its decrees did and what they did not say, what the Church of Rome was, what it could and what it could not do, what was its attitude to the new knowledge and to the new life. From that moment Europe knew what to think of all the Churches, the Churches what to think of each other; and so from this, as from a fixed point, all our modern ecclesiastical developments begin.

But the Vatican was to the Tridentine Council in almost every respect a contrast. Its assembling was the victory of a party within the Roman communion; and the party that caused the assembling prevailed in the council, but their victory was their most serious defeat. This book, by bringing before us all the tumult of the time as it filled the contemporary press, only emphasises, by contrast with the silence into which the Council and its decrees have fallen, its fruitlessness and the fatuity of its main decision. Its decrees were duly promulgated, but Christendom has gone its way, unmindful of the issues the decrees were held to have determined. Even within Catholicism personal changes in the Papacy have qualified or softened the practical action of the decrees; though curialism did prevail, some sense of the older Catholicism has revived. But the insignificance of the event is seen in the silence that has followed it. We had some pamphlets, a few cries here and there of strident alarm from those whose eyes see a giant in every grasshopper, and then all turned to the really pressing and clamant orders of the day. An immenser contrast to Trent and its issues it were impossible to conceive. But while this was the contrast without, that within was more striking still. The supreme result of the Council was the loss to the Papacy of the greatest European scholar of our day,

possibly of our century. The scholar who knew the course and cause of his Church as no other man did, who loved her because he loved the truth and could be hers only as she loved as he did the truths and facts of history, could not accept the dogma the Council was called to promulgate; and those who called the Council cut off from the Church they had narrowed the recalcitrant scholar. Possibly the Vatican Council may in later days be remembered less as the Council which decreed the infallibility of the Pope than as the Council which lost Dollinger, with all that he signified, to the Roman Church.

JAMES'S PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY. By William James, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University (U.S.A.). Two vols. London: Macmillan. 1890.

MR. JAMES is one of the most able, and is probably the best known in England, of the new and vigorous school of American writers on mental science, a school very different from the somewhat ponderous semi-theological moralists of fifty years ago. His book has, with other merits of which we shall speak presently, the merit, rare among philosophical treatises, of being extremely well written. To begin with, it is singularly lucid. Sometimes the phenomena dealt with are complicated and so far removed from the experience of the ordinary reader that close attention is needed in order to follow the exposition or the reasoning. But the difficulties of the subject are never increased by the carelessness of the writer, whose sentences are simple, who uses no more technical terms than are absolutely needed, and who has evidently thought out thoroughly what he means, so that he is able, be his view right or wrong, to make that view clear. There is also great brightness and vivacity of mind in the handling of the subject. Discussions of abstruse questions are relieved by happy illustrations from familiar phenomena, and interspersed with acute remarks on human nature and life, not a few of which those methodical readers, who have formed the useful habit of keeping commonplace books, will find it worth while to record for future use. Mr. James is evidently a keen analytic student of man as a social no less than as a thinking animal; and frequently reminds us of the analytic school of American novelists, two of whom have won their way to a place in the front rank of contemporary fiction. Besides his acuteness, the other qualities in his work which chiefly strike us are his ingenuity, his freshness, and his independence. He has what the Germans call *Unbefangenheit*; he belongs to no particular school. He is not a disciple of the physiological psychologists, though he makes good use of their researches. He frequently pounces upon and exposes that vagueness and that proneness to make unwarranted assumptions which lie concealed behind the pompously formal apparatus of Mr. Herbert Spencer's collections of data and inferential processes. Still less is he a Hegelian or a Schellingite. Yet it would hardly be right to call him an eclectic. He is rather the bright, lively, active-minded analyst who sees the defects of existing systems more keenly than he feels the need for some sort of system, and who therefore pierces a boring for truth wherever he thinks it lies, running his shafts to right or left without finding it necessary to begin by an elaborate preliminary theory of the geology of the area in which his mining is to be conducted.

Mr. James's intellectual attitude and method are well expressed in the view he takes of his subject. Psychology is to him sharply distinguished from mental physiology on the one side and from metaphysics on the other. He regards it as a "natural science," which "assumes certain data uncritically, and declines to challenge the elements between which its own 'laws' obtain. . . . Psychology, the science of finite individual minds, assumes as its data (1) *thoughts and feelings*; and (2) a *physical world*

in time and space, with which they coexist, and which *they know*. Of course these data are themselves discussable, but the discussion of them (as of other elements) is called metaphysics, and falls outside the province of this book." He is, however, anxious not to draw its limits too strictly. "The boundary line of the mental is certainly vague. It is better not to be pedantic, but to let the science be as vague as its subject, and include such phenomena as these [those of animal instinct and the reflex acts of self-preservation], if by doing so we can throw any light on the main business in hand. We gain much more by a broad than by a narrow treatment of our subject. At a certain stage in the development of every science, a degree of vagueness is what consists best with fertility." So when one comes to discuss the central problem of psychology—and, indeed, of all mental science—the relation of the material concomitants of thought, as investigated by the aid of the senses, to the processes of thought as revealed by consciousness, he prefers the frank confession of an insoluble difficulty to any of the solutions propounded—solutions which he has successfully riddled by his criticism:—

"What shall we do? Many would find relief at this point in celebrating the mystery of the Unknowable, and the 'awe' which we should feel at having such a principle to take final charge of our perplexities. Others would rejoice that the finite and separatist view of things with which we started had at last developed its contradictions, and was about to lead us dialectically upwards to some higher 'synthesis' in which inconsistencies cease from troubling and logic is at rest. It may be a constitutional infirmity, but I can take no comfort in such devices for making a luxury of intellectual defeat. They are but spiritual chloroform. Better live on the ragged edge, better gnaw the file for ever!"

So again:—

"I confess, therefore, that to posit a soul influenced in some mysterious way by the brain-states and responding to them by conscious affections of its own, seems to me the line of least logical resistance, so far as we have yet attained. If it does not strictly explain anything it is, at any rate, less positively objectionable than either mind-stuff or a material-monad creed. The bare phenomenon, however, the immediately known things which on the mental side is in opposition with the entire brain process, is the state of consciousness and not the soul itself. Many of the staunchest believers in the soul admit that we know it only as an inference from experiencing its states. In chapter x., accordingly, we must return to its consideration again, and ask ourselves whether, after all, the ascertainment of a blank unmediated correspondence, term for term, of the succession of states of consciousness with the succession of total brain processes be not the simplest psycho-physic formula, and the last word of a psychology which contents itself with verifiable laws, and seeks only to be clear and to avoid unsafe hypotheses. Such a mere admission of the empirical parallelism will there appear the wisest course. By keeping to it our psychology will remain positivistic and non-metaphysical; and although this is certainly only a provisional halting-place, and things must some day be more thoroughly thought out, we shall abide there in this book, and just as we have rejected mind dust we shall take no account of the soul. The spiritualistic reader may, nevertheless, believe in the soul if he will; whilst the positivistic one who wishes to give a tinge of mystery to the expression of his positivism can continue to say that nature in her unfathomable designs has mixed us of clay and flame, of brain and mind; that the two things hang indubitably together and determine each other's being, but how or why no mortal may ever know."

Desirous as Mr. James is to keep to psychology and avoid metaphysics, he, like most of his predecessors, often finds it impossible to avoid pursuing into the adjoining domain of ontology a hare which he has started in his own field. But even his ontology is singularly untechnical and, so to speak, unprofessorial; for he has none of the professorial wish to construct or defend a system. For the same reason, it is not easy to give in a short notice any idea of the contents of his book. Its point of view is distinct, its conception of the subject clear and intelligible. But the treatment is discursive and varied, sometimes speculative, sometimes experimental, sometimes, as in the chapter on Memory—where we find rules for the conduct and training of that faculty—practical and almost hortatory. As good specimens of the easier and more generally attractive parts of the book, chapters iii., iv., x., xvi., xxiv., xxv. may be named. Chapter xxvii., on Hypnotism, is a very interesting summary of the most important phenomena belonging to this curious subject, and an acute criticism of the views

recently propounded as to its nature. He concludes that "the suggestion theory may be approved, provided we grant the trance-state as its pre-requisite." But, after his enumeration of the leading symptoms of the trance-state, we are left with the impression that its physiological nature has not yet been duly explained, though the investigations now actively carried on are daily better defining the conditions of a solution.

Professed students of mental science may, perhaps, criticise the book as being somewhat loosely strung. There are, no doubt, chapters which have the air of detached essays rather than of having been written as parts of a whole. So the manner and style are more familiar, less technical and recondite, than that of metaphysical treatises generally. However, even the most rigidly professional student will not accuse Mr. James of being superficial, for he never slurs over difficulties, or evades them, or attacks them feebly. And there are many who cannot claim to be metaphysicians at all who will find much to enjoy in his pages. The power of abstract thinking on subjects of this nature is, as many of us have found by experience, one which soon withers up by disuse. Nothing is commoner than for a man who relished, or thought he relished Spinoza and Kant and Hegel, Locke and Mill, Hamilton and Ferrier, when he was twenty, to discover that at forty years of age it costs him no small effort to distinguish valuable truths from empty abstract formulæ solemnly propounded. Results he may still be able to appraise, but he is forced to distrust his critical and logical faculties as applied to the processes of argument he is required to follow. The habit of analysis and the habit of dialectic in dealing with abstractions become troublesome, and often seem unreal, to those who are constantly occupied in dealing with the tangible facts of an active profession, or of some branch of physical inquiry. The taste for the problems, however, which ontology and logic and psychology present often survives the capacity for doing any independent work in them; and those who retain any taste in that direction will find Mr. James's book one of the brightest and freshest that recent years have produced. In it metaphysics have again condescended to speak the language of polite letters; and learning has been wise enough to take wit for her companion.

THE QUARTERLIES.

A WRITER in the *Quarterly Review* describes the present age as one of historical iconoclasm. Accordingly we find two articles in the current quarterlies dealing with the recent overthrow of two long-established reputations—those of Richard III. and Sir John Mandeville. In the *English Historical Review*, Mr. Clements R. Markham asserts that the reconciliation of Richard III.'s general character with the special acts of which he is accused is a problem incapable of solution. Mr. Markham is convinced that the main authority for the belief in the alleged crimes of the last of the Plantagenets, the "History of Richard III." attributed to Sir Thomas More, must have been written or dictated by Archbishop Morton, for the simple reason that no one else could have been cognisant of some of the events. The other authorities for the theory that Richard III. was a prodigy of wickedness—John Rous, the so-called hermit of Guy's Cliff; Robert Fabyan, clothier and alderman; Polydore Virgil, collector in England of Peter's Pence; and Bertrand André, the blind poet-laureate and historiographer—were all directly or indirectly influenced by Henry VII., and three of them in his pay. Mr. Markham makes out a very strong case why, on account of their illegitimacy—Edward IV.'s first wife having been alive when his children by Elizabeth Woodville were born—it was needless for Richard to kill the young princes; and why Henry VII., having married the Princess Elizabeth as the *legitimate* representative

of the House of York, was compelled for his own security to destroy her brothers, the true heirs, if legitimate, to the English crown. Mr. Markham's paper is decisively, though guardedly, written; and, if we mistake not, he has put the believers in the guilt of Richard III. in a dilemma.

The *Edinburgh Review* contains an appreciative notice of "Newman in the English Church." An article in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, as quoted in the *Scottish Review*, is equally sympathetic. The writer compares Newman to Pascal in his method and his mental features. Both the German and the Englishman find the centre of Newman's system in his belief in two beings, "himself and his Creator." In the *Economic Review* Professor Émile de Laveleye writes a most interesting article on Rodbertus, the founder of Scientific Socialism. Rodbertus is little known to foreigners; but in Germany he enjoys an undisputed celebrity. All the ideas of Marx and Lassalle are contained in his writings, the earliest of which date from 1842.

The other biographical articles are—in the *Historical Review*, "Ulysses de Salis," a study by Signora Villari of the Swiss captain who fought in, and wrote a history of, the Valtelline War; "A French Envoy in 1745," in the *Scottish Review*, an account of the little-known memoirs of Jean Baptiste de Boyer, Marquis d'Eguilles, who was commissioned by the French Government to attend Charles Edward in the rash expedition which ended in Culloden Moor; and a racy paper by Judge Hughes on "F. D. Maurice as a Christian Socialist" in the *Economic Review*.

There is no article on party politics in the quarterlies, but Socialism is discussed in the *Scottish Review* and the *Quarterly Review*, and, in one or other of its aspects, it is the main subject in the *Economic Review* and the *International Journal of Ethics*. Mr. John Grant in the *Scottish Review* points out that the Socialist movement of to-day is generally criticised as if it were an exact revival of the Socialism of the earlier part of the century—a remark which applies to the critic in the *Quarterly*, who finds in Socialist agitation the "arts and mysteries of mere self-seeking partisans." The *Quarterly* reviewer also lugs out again that "very ancient and fish-like" fallacy which distinguishes between duties and rights. The jugglery of words was never more successful than in this distinction without a difference. We would commend the *Quarterly* reviewer to read Professor William James's paper in the *International* on "The Moral Philosopher and the Moral Life," if only for the following sentence: "Claim and obligation are co-extensive terms; they cover each other exactly." Instead of some attempted application of the golden rule, the panacea offered in the *Quarterly* is the encouragement of emulation and desire, and the creation of an army of small landed proprietors—much as one of Disraeli's comic characters proposed to reform the country by creating a phalanx of baronets. Mr. Grant understands his subject better. He knows that modern Socialists have perceived the historical significance of their movement, and have not overlooked the necessity of protecting individual freedom. The Socialist no longer thinks of dictating to society what it ought to be; he has ceased to be Utopian, and has become an Opportunist of the most elastic kind. Both critics agree that Socialism overrates its strength, and that the process which the Socialist calls "capturing the Liberals" is in reality "capturing the Socialists."

The only purely literary articles are in the *Quarterly Review*. One, on "Neo-paganism," is a species of trawl-net, into which the writer has gathered at one sweep Goethe and Jean Richepin, Schiller and W. H. Pater, with Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, de Banville, Baudelaire, and J. A. Symonds. In all these may be found "the intoxication and the awakening, the defiance which modulates into despair, which would fain lose itself in a never-ending whirl of passion." These are the notes of the "Neo-paganism," which began a good hundred years ago

with Rousseau, and developed through the Olympian indifference of Goethe, Gautier's revolt against "virginity, mysticism, melancholy," and Leconte de Lisle's theophobia, into the as yet unwritten "gospel of Antichrist" of Richepin, and Pater's simple sensuous admiration for "beauty of outline, which is virtue." The writer hardly gets Schiller into his net at all, and Goethe swims through its meshes as if they were gossamer. It is so tempting to try to prove too much! Nevertheless the paper contains brilliant passages, notably an admirable estimate of Gautier, with which his unreasoning disciples will hardly agree.

The *Quarterly Review* differs from the *Edinburgh* in its estimate of Aristotle on "The Constitution of Athens." Although the hypothesis of a modern forgery is quite groundless, yet the writer in the *Quarterly* cannot believe that the recently discovered treatise is the celebrated tract of Aristotle. A very cogent argument for this view is found in the fact that Plutarch in his *Life of Solon* is glad to quote from Aristotle, even when he disagrees with him, but in his *Life of Themistocles* has nothing at all to say of the very striking instances of the "versatility" of that keen spirit to be found in the new papyrus. Many of the great treatises of Aristotle have been preserved by means of notes taken at his lectures by his pupils, and the Museum edition of the "Athenian Constitution" may be a recension of such notes, made two hundred years after the time of Aristotle.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's lecture on "Social Equality," delivered to the Ethical Societies of London and Cambridge in 1890, is perhaps the most striking article in all the quarterlies. It is full of the author's close reasoning and pointed application, and spiced with the dry humour which we see so little of since the "National Dictionary of Biography" began.

TWO NOVELS.

1. *IN THE HEART OF THE STORM: A TALE OF MODERN CHIVALRY.* By Maxwell Gray. Three vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.
2. *BELL BARRY.* By Richard Ashe King. Two vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

IN Maxwell Gray's new book the incidents of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny form part of the subject of a story of modern chivalry, but part of the action takes place in a country village, duly provided with its stock of amusing characters. The book is very much what might have been expected from the author; the nobility and seriousness of purpose, the keen sense of humour, the boldness and brilliance in description, will all be familiar to the readers of her previous works. It stands far—very far—above our average fiction, but it will not place its author among the first writers of the day. It has, of course, more quality and distinction than four-fifths of the novels which come under our notice, but it has not the self-reliant originality of genius; it is, in fact, in some respects a conventional book. We have in this story a first hero, whom we will call A; the last wish of his adoptive father is that he shall marry the first heroine, B; he accordingly becomes engaged to her. We have also a second hero, C, whose father—of the ancestral type—desires him to marry, for the sake of the property, a second heroine, D, to whom he is supposed to be more engaged than is in reality the case. The irony of fate, and the necessity of the novelist, are illustrated by the disregard of parental wishes and the love of C, who ought to marry D, for B, who is engaged to A. A practised novel-reader could probably work out the problem and complete the plot, and he could show that the marriage of B and C cannot possibly be consummated before the third volume; he could point out that, for the sake of variety, A will not love D, and deduce the probabilities of a third heroine. The plot is not particularly new; but then all the stories

have been told, and so the want of novelty in this respect may be pardonable. But surely the following incident, recorded in the first volume, has seen enough service, and might well have been spared:—

"Philip carried Jessie's daguerreotype . . . in his breast pocket; early in the day a musket ball struck and shattered the outer half of the case, staving the likeness out of all recognition and saving his life."

That daguerreotype, like the world, is "too much with us." Sometimes it is a coin; we have known it to be an amulet; and still more often it is his mother's Bible. But in your average military story, sooner or later, in one form or another, it stands between the hero's life and the bullet. Those who use the incident generally pause in wonder at its novelty and moralise upon it. Maxwell Gray has at least avoided this latter fault. We might point out that a scene in the second volume is very suggestive of Mr. Shorthouse's "Sir Percival," and that certain of the characters seem to owe something to the work of George Eliot or Mr. Thomas Hardy. But we do not care to dwell longer on the want of perfect originality in a book which is—as we have already pointed out—more original than perhaps four-fifths of modern English fiction. It contains no instance of sheer plagiarism; occasionally and unconsciously it seems to reflect something from a greater work. It does here and there what the average novel does in almost every line.

It is rather influential than didactic. Yet it conveys more than one lesson. Its attempt to teach women to be charitable to women will probably be more popular with men. It is worth while to quote the words of one man in the book—a clergyman—on this subject. He is speaking to his sister, who has just done her best to break a girl's heart out of utter righteousness:—

"Does a woman commit the slightest error, whether in innocence or in frailty, no matter to your stony-hearted, arrogant virtue—you stop up every avenue of return to her. You do more, you deliberately push her into the mire, and then you go smirking to church and call yourselves miserable sinners—which you are—and insult the Almighty by asking forgiveness—which you need not for a moment suppose you'll get."

Mr. King's new novel suffers from comparison with such a book as "In the Heart of the Storm." "Bell Barry" has merit of a kind, but it never attains to the artistic quality which is to be found in the work of Maxwell Gray. It presents the reader with two things which are, we believe, always popular at the circulating libraries—Irish humour and a moderately good murder. This was, as far as we remember, the recipe which the author used for the composition of "Love's Legacy." In that book and in this we have the humorous Irish servant; we do not object, because Irish humour, when it is good, is very good indeed. Opinions differ on the subject of murders, even the best of murders; they have been quite overdone, and the murder mystery requires more cunning than literary ability, but we do not think that they will ever lose their popularity. The public has got used to them. We think, however, that Mr. King might do better; in this book he is simply making a fresh use of some of his old material, and the result is not so strong as "Love's Legacy." In both stories the hero is the weak point; he is not sufficiently sympathetic; one cannot care very much about him; and in "Bell Barry" there are too many sordid, uninteresting, commonplace people. Bell's father, the temperance lecturer, is unpleasant; her sister Edith is unpleasant; most of the people on board the *Acadia* are unpleasant. It takes great artistic power to make "the ignobly decent" interesting and attractive; and Mr. King fails where Mr. Gissing succeeds. The book has its merit; it is sufficiently interesting to be readable; it is written in tolerable English. But it gave us throughout the impression that the author might do much better if he would give up this wearisome murder-mongering, and take a fresh subject.